THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SEPTEMBER 12, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTLER'S STORY—By Arthur Train

Swift's Pride Soap

Makes wash day easier by cutting the rubbing in half. Less rubbing means less hard work and longer life for your clothing and linens.

Swift's Pride Soap makes the white pieces clear and snowy, even if you do not have the opportunity to sunbleach them on the lawn.

Use Swift's Pride Washing Powder in your rough laundry and cleaning work—it is economical and efficient.

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$11,000,000.00 Worth of Experience Behind This $1500 Car

In the last eight years we have made and sold more than $11,000,000 worth of Mitchell cars—sold at an average price of $1500 each.

We are the pioneers of low-priced cars. Other cars have been reduced to $1500. Mitchell cars have sold for $1500 for the past eight years.

The first Mitchell car was a good car. And every succeeding Mitchell model was better.

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It is a five-passenger, four-cylinder, 30 horse-power touring car. Big, handsome, strong. Powerful, speedy, easily controlled.

It embodies the best of all that we learned in making $11,000,000 worth of cars.

And there is not one experiment in it. Everything, from its power plant to its steering mechanism, has been tried, tested and proven in actual, daily use.

We call this a $1500 car. Its cost to you is, in fact, only $1200.

For it has, in all, more than $300 worth of actual automobile value which you can get in no other $1500 car.

The $1500 price, for example, includes a $150 Splitdorf Magneto, in addition to the regular ignition system.

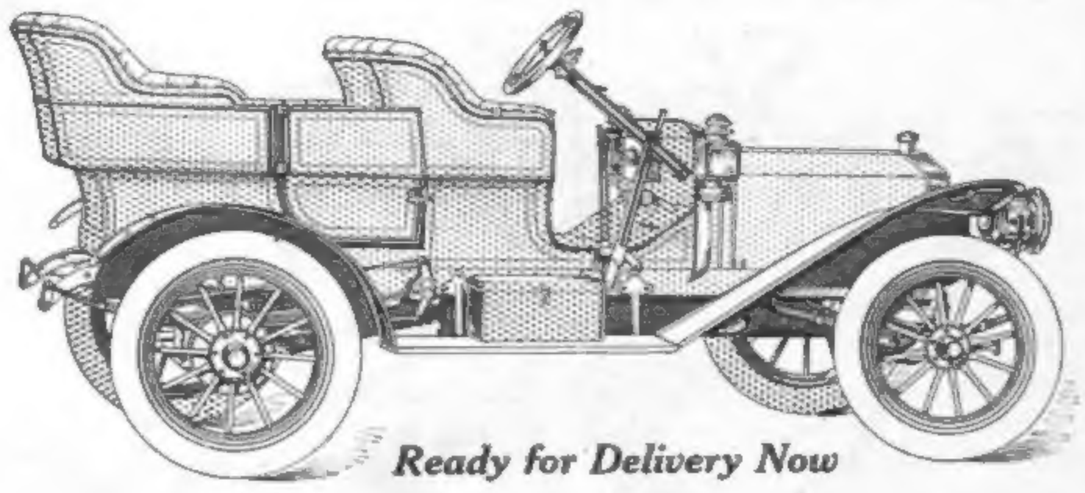
The $1500 price includes thirty-two inch wheels and four-inch tires.

The $1500 price includes a dozen things that you would expect only in a $5000 car.

Judge this car, not by what we say—but by what it *is*, by what it will *do*. Judge it by what, for eight years, earlier Mitchell models have done.

And then remember, that while there is not one single experiment about this car, yet it represents a thousand refinements gleaned from $11,000,000 worth of experience.

* * *



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Don't pay $1500 for a car that hasn't got a $150 magneto.

Don't pay $1500 for a car that has less than 32x4-inch tires.

Don't pay $1500 for a car with its cylinders cast together in one piece.

Don't pay $1500 for a car with insufficient bearings on its crank shaft.

See, first, all the good, extra-value features you get in this new $1500 Mitchell.

* * *

Almost any manufacturer can turn out a car at $1500.

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The Mitchell car is made complete at our factory in Racine.

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Take one example:

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In the Mitchell Crank Shaft there are five bearings. One at each end, and three extra ones in between.

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Then decide whether you would rather have the kind of crank shaft that breaks under sudden strains—or the kind that, in 5,000 cars, has never had to be replaced.

We could multiply comparisons endlessly. But we would rather that you see for yourself.

Mitchell

New Model K (1909 model) including $150 Splitdorf Magneto—32x4 in. tires—and $300 worth of actual Automobile value which you can get in no other car of its price. Touring Car or Roadster—Price

$1500

Compare this new $1500 Mitchell with the best American cars—no matter what their cost or pretensions.

You will not find in them more vanadium or nickel steel. You will not find in them more perfect engines. You will not find in them any single feature which this $1500 Mitchell lacks.

This $1500 Mitchell is an imposing looking car.

It has a wheel base of 104 inches. The body is wholly of metal. Its four cylinders are cast separately, as the cylinders of the best engines always are. 28-30 horse-power.

The engine is housed under a big, handsome hood—no taxicab effect such as seen in many of the cheaper cars.

The springs are of vanadium steel.

Aluminum castings are employed wherever possible; only we go to the trouble and expense of strengthening them with bronze where there is wear and strain.

The wheels are big—thirty-two inches—fitted with detachable rims and four-inch tires.

There are two complete ignition systems—the $150 Splitdorf Magneto and a regular battery system.

The lubricating system is the best that we have found in eight years of experience.

The transmission is of the best selective sliding gear type—as in $5000 to $7000 cars.

The battery and tool boxes, made of baked enameled steel, are furnished without extra expense to you.

The tonneau is detachable—and you have your choice of either tonneau, surrey body, rumble seat roadster or runabout deck at $1500.

Judge this car by any standard—judge it by its beautiful, graceful lines—judge it by its tried and proven power plant—judge it by the simplicity and flexibility of its control—judge it by its ease of riding—judge it by its luxury.

Or judge it by what it will do and how it will wear.

Send the coupon for detailed description, to enable you to check this car up with others at its price.

Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis. 71
Standard Manufacturers, A.M.C.M.A.

You may send me a detailed description of your new $1500 Model K.

Name _____

Address _____

Mute evidences of the perfect edges of Keen Kutter Tools. Every chip shows a clean, smooth cut—shavings thin as tissue and sawdust uniform and fine. They are finest tools for the finest work—the most accurate tools for the most accurate workman.

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are all the very highest quality, finest tools that can be made. They are ground, handwhetted and tested at the factory and when sent out stamped with the Keen Kutter Trademark each tool is guaranteed perfect or money refunded.

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Keen Kutter Tools include tools of all kinds for shop, home, garden and farm, some of which are Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Manure-hooks, Lawn-mowers, Grass-shears and Rakes. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors, Table Cutlery, etc.

Keen Kutter Tools have been sold for nearly 40 years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains
Long After the Price is Forgotten."
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THE BUTLER'S STORY

The Family and the Servants

By ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF McALLISTER AND HIS DOUBLE, MORTMAIN, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

I

IT IS fifteen years and over since Lord Craven called me into his study after luncheon and says, "'Ears have they but they hear not, eyes have they but they see not, tongues have they but they speak not.' Do you know to what that refers, Ridges?" "No, my lord," says I. "To men servants," says he, "and particular to butlers," looking at me very hard. "Very good, my lord," says I. "That is all," says he. "Thank you, my lord," says I, and I left his presence, and up to this time have neither seen, heard, nor spoke, saving of those things a butler should, for he was a wise man if a hard drinker, and I was heartbroke to leave his service on account of the bankruptcy, although he paid us all off private before he was posted.

That was how I came to leave England hoping that I might run across him again, although he was going into the cattle business, and perhaps enter his service. But he had gone to Manitoba, and once in America I soon learned that only in New York could I hope to secure a situation such as I was used to. Yet I do not believe that my old master's injunction would lead him to include writing down in a notebook the things one's descendants might care to read, and indeed the life of a man servant is so silent that only in some such way can he retain the power of speech. For at the age of forty-one I feel less at ease with my ekals than of yore and awkward and boorish. This perhaps is one of the disadvantages of a life in service. But in the silence of my own bedroom I can take my pen in hand and am often astonished at how easy I can write.

"Remember, Ridges, *We Gentlemen Pay Our Servants to be Respectable*"

To be sure I have read a great deal, but I fancy it is more because my father told me that in Devon his grandfather was a learned man who could both read and write and who desired to send his son, my father's father, to a public school, being a freeholder, but hard times coming forced him to sell his farm and my grandfather entered the army and my father went into service. So from now on I am going to keep a record of such things as strike my fancy or impress me as thoughts worth preserving, for even a man in service may profit by what he sees and have a philosophy of life.

Besides, if I did not employ my time in some such way it would hang heavy on my hands, for I have made but few friends here, and even at The Yellow Plush, which is a club composed of the upper men servants from the most exclusive New York families, I find little to interest me. Instead of having a churchwarden and a quiet bottle of stout over a hand at whist you must keep pouring down whisky straight and bragging about how many railroads your master owns and how many actresses he knows.

Moreover, the talk is not all it should be by any manner of means, and while such things may be discussed by gentlemen over their wine after dinner and allowance made, yet a self-respecting man servant should be more particular as to his manner of speech.

And I have Mr. Amos' authority for this very thing, for one night after a dinner at our house when the gentlemen had told some stories that beat anything I ever heard in the stables, which is bad enough God knows, so that I was quite hot under the hair and James the second man almost fell through the transom listening on the stepladder, Mr. Amos called me over very serious and says:

"Ridges, do you know any stories like that?" he says.

"Well, sir," says I, "no offense meant, but I don't, sir," I says.

"I'm glad to hear it," says he, very solemn. "If you were guilty of making use of such language I could not bring myself to come here," he says. "Remember, Ridges, *we gentlemen pay our servants to be respectable.*" Then he turned on his heel and went after the others, and I really don't know now exactly what he meant by it at that, for when he is most sadlike you will see a twinkle in the corner of his mouth and when he is laughing the most merrily he says the wisest and sharpest things.

After Lord Craven I like him best of all the gentlemen I have ever met and I would like to enter his service were it not for the fact that he lives in lodgings and cannot afford to keep a man. Besides, although he does not know it, there is another bond between us which is that we are both men of literary tastes, for he writes essays and books on philosophy, full of gloom and about the evil in the world, and people say that he is a pessymist and how it is too bad for one so young to be so cynical, although he is the gayest person who comes here and is always going out to dinner and leading cotillions and bothered to death by the ladies, so that Mrs. Carter is anxious to have him at the house.

Wot is more, I think Mr. Amos really likes her and he never says a word excep in kindness about any of them excep Mr. Tom. Mr. and Mrs. Carter is both a little afraid of him because he knows everybody even more than they do and they are forever asking him about the big houses he goes to, but he always puts them off and will not tell them anything. The strangest thing of all is, although he goes with all the swellest people, he says and does whatever he likes, and although he has the grandest manners like a duke when he wishes, he generally is playing jokes, and talking like an anarchist. That is one of the queer things about these New York people. If anybody does not act and talk just so, doing and saying exactly the same thing as everybody else, they think he must be vulgar, whereas Mr. Amos says it is vulgar to be common, that it is common to be ordinary and that it is ordinary to be like everybody else. But the minute they get the idea that in spite of being different anybody is clever and just talks that way to be interesting, he can say and do what he pleases.

Now Mr. Amos' father was a wealthy cotton man whose partner took a lot of their customers' money and then shot hisself. Well, the old gentleman, although it was not necessary in law, sold everything he had and paid over all the money so that he had nothing hisself and then he went back on a salary so he could send Mr. Amos to college. Everybody thought it was a fine thing to do, as it was, if I do say it myself, and Mr. Amos is the same kind, for now that his father is too old to work he spends every afternoon with him and supports him by his writing. I have often seen the old gentleman here at dinner, and Miss Patricia calls him "Uncle Mo." The way they got acquainted was that Mr. Carter was one of the creditors, and when Mr. Amos' father wanted to pay him back he wouldn't take the money, but the old gentleman made him do it.

Mr. Amos is the greatest fellow for his joke you ever see and I shall never forget the first time I saw him. It was at our country place The Beeches (there is only one little one, but Mrs. Carter liked the name) and there is a long drive which cost a lot of money leading up to the house and all lined with busts of Roman Emperors and their mistresses. In the middle is a sort of marble pool with swans swimming in it and rows of little hedges alongside of it. The swans look very fine and genteel. Well, as I was saying, we were having a house party and up comes a motor with a lot of young ladies and Mr. Amos. I and the four second men had come out, as is proper, and was standing on the step to receive the guests. So out jumps Mr. Amos—I didn't know him then—very swell looking and walks right up to me and says perfectly serious:

"Have you any *peanuts* for the *swans?*" he says.

Well, James he burst right out laughing, so I says: "I beg pardon, sir, but we don't give peanuts to the swans. They have patent 'Swanfood,'" I says.

"Poor swans!" he says. "They should have peanuts," and he went right on in with the young ladies. I couldn't make him out. Monday morning when they went away about eight gentlemen left together in a motor. Mr. Amos come out last and gave me a five-dollar note. The four footmen was all lined up on the steps to see them off. As the motor started along Mr. Amos leans out and waves his hand at us and calls out:

"Good-by, boys!" and that was the last I saw of him for a long time.

Our house in New York is on Fifth Avenue and one of the finest in the city, having cost I once heard Mr. Carter say all told counting furniture about three hundred thousand pounds, but the place in the country where the family spend most of the time cost all of five hundred thousand, and, as Mrs. Carter says, is the very *latest thing in Louis Sixteenth.* To be entirely honest I have never seen anything like it in England, the principal difference being in the bathrooms which there are none if very few upon the other side. In our New York house each bedroom, even the smallest, has a bathroom of its own, and on the fourth floor it is a fact that the bathrooms is bigger than the bedrooms. There are twenty bedrooms in the Fifth Avenue house and there are twenty-seven bathrooms, which takes the entire time of two men to keep clean, but we take the same men to the country where there are forty-two bathrooms and they

work longer hours. The parlor maid, Evelyn Raymond, who wants to be an actress and is very witty, calls them "swobbers" from the nautical term "to swob." But at Craven Hall it was a long way to a bath. On the whole as long as I am not obliged to clean them they seem worth having, although the gentlemen and ladies do not look to be any cleaner than those I was used to in England.

I remember a green second man I had once who had never seen a bathroom and who used to go into one on the guest room floor on his afternoons out and read. He said it made him feel rich to have marble all around and that he would never have marble on all sides again until he was put in a receiving tomb, but Mrs. Carter found him in there one day and said she would not mind his using it for its proper purposes, which would have been a good thing, but that if he wanted to read he had better go to the Lenox Library. After that I found an excuse to give him the sack, for I thought he did not know his place.

There is certainly an extraordinary number of servants employed in our house considering the high wages they get. We keep thirty-two in the country and nineteen in town.

IN THE COUNTRY	IN THE CITY
One chef	One chef
Two assistant chefs	One assistant
Three kitchen maids	Two kitchen maids
Four laundresses	Two laundresses
One butler	One butler
Four second men	Two second men
One pantry maid	
Two parlor maids	One parlor maid
Three valets	One valet
Two ladies' maids	Two ladies' maids
Four chambermaids	Two chambermaids
Two house men ("The swobbers")	Two house men ("The swobbers" again)
One baker	
One housekeeper	One housekeeper
One steward	One steward

You may imagine wot a crowd it is that sits down at the servants' table for meals and it would be awful if it were not for the fac that most of the men is irregular, dropping in one after the other, and one of the kitchen maids is really just a servants' waitress and kep busy all the time. Of course the housekeeper has her meals in her own room, and the steward gets his out, and the chefs have a table of their own as in all well-regulated households. Speaking by the book I am supposed to eat in the servants' dining-room but I find it irksome to do so and hardly ever go there, getting my meals in the pantry after the family. This does not count the chauffeurs, the coachman and grooms, and the men who work on the place, but these do not eat in the house. I should also mention "Aunty Morgan," Master Willie's old nurse, who has nothing to do and just lives at the house because there is nothing else to do with her.

I must confess I miss it like it was in dear old England when all the upper servants had dinner in the housekeeper's room with me at the head of the table and all the others in order of rank. I can recall some parties which was almost as *distangay* as those at my master's board, for the maids always wore low neck and short sleeves otherwise known as *day collette*, which is the invariable custom, and some of them looked like the finest ladies. On such occasions our manners was quite as good and more formal than upstairs, for I have had (when we had a large house party) a Princess' maid on my right and a Duchess' maid on my left, and so on down to the salt, all in the loveliest clothes imaginable. Once when His Royal Highness was with us I had Mr. Hunter, His Royal Highness' Third Groom of the Chambers *sitting beside me*. It was a wonderful experience for he was the most cultivated and distinguished gentleman I ever met.

And this reminds me that I have not told about the family, which I should have done long ago. There are six in all, but only five in the house for Mr. Tom has his rooms outside, for which God be praised. First there is Mr. Carter, who was a stock-broker and is now what they call over here a "promoter." He was in cotton, and then he was in oil (which sounds like a specimen) and now he is in cotton-oil. You can never tell what he will be in next. Mr. Amos says a lot of the oil is water (which is a joke), but Mr. Carter does not mind and says in private that you can fool some of the people all the time, but I fancy he does hisself a injustice because I have heard that the oil he was in was standard oil and if so of course it could not have any water in it and must be all right. Anyway the Bible says oil maketh a cheerful countenance and Mr. Carter has got the cheerfullest one I ever see, quite red and very round, with little twinkling blue eyes. He is not very aristocratic looking but he is more so than a lot of dukes I have seen, some of which are a rum lot, and one I know is a regelar skinny, like a umbrella.

And that brings me to Mrs. Carter, my mistress, of whom I have already spoke by *minuendo*, and perhaps that is the best way to describe her because you would not find out what a really kind-hearted woman she is to look at her and see her carrying on in society. She is quite stout, not to say fat, with a enormous bust and you would laugh to see the houseman carrying her body downstairs for the seamstress to try a dress on. She is more like my Aunt Jane who lives in Wopping-on-Velly in Devon than anybody else I know, although I do not think her axcent is as pure as Aunt Jane's. Now Mrs. Carter she came from Piqua, Ohier, where her father was a chemist or, as they say here, an apothecary, and when she was first married to Mr. Carter he was a very small clerk in cotton and they was both by way of being in very humble circumstances.

Then one day a friend of Mr. Carter's who was likewise a clerk invented some way of pressing together the bales so they did not take up so much room or something in regard to the strings you tie it with, and Mr. Carter gave him fifteen dollars for harf of the idea, and presently they was granted a monopoly on it and before long sold it for ten million dollars. That was twenty years ago when Mrs. Carter was only thirty-five and Mr. Tom was fifteen years old and Master Willie had not been born yet, and the family all lived in Brooklyn with Mr. Carter's mother. Now you would not expec Mrs. Carter to act as unto the manner born under the circumstances, and it is really astonishing how well she does and it would be hard for most people to tell she was not a lady but only a woman, for it is not in the things she does but in those she doesn't or is afraid to that you can see the mortar and pestle. She has improved something wonderful in the ten years in which I have been in her service, in part owing to my careful tootilage—a influence potent if unseen. So far as her appearance is concerned her maid Eliza has left nothing to be desired, and she looks quite a stunner in her Louis XVI costume made by Callow, so that if you didn't know her you would really be afraid of her as some of the servants are. But she is never harf severe enough with them and treats them entirely too gentle, to my way of thinking, for the only way to keep a servant's respec is to treat him like one. Yet, as the poet says, kind hearts is more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.

Then there is Mr. Tom, but perhaps the less said of him the better for he is a rotter if there ever was one and a bad lot altogether, for he was just at the wrong age when his father got his money and it started him off bad. He is intirely different from any of the others and is quite tall and very dark with hollows under his eyes as if he didn't sleep, and a waxy sort of look in his face but not bad looking at that. He only comes home to the biggest dinners and to ask his father for money, and sometimes the language he uses is horrible to think of, but why I dislike him most is the way he makes fun of his mother right before the servants, whereas he is not fit to sit at the same table with her.

Miss Harriet Carter is not a bit like him, although she is quite disagreeable enough to her parents. She is about thirty-two and has been "out" a good deal over ten years, but when she was introduced to society Mr. and Mrs. Carter's position was not as good as it is now and Miss Harriet has never caught up. Of course she goes out a lot but I fancy the people who accept her father and mother are inclined to go a little shy on her, for she is a big girl like an horse and has never got over the way of talking she learned at the public school. All of which makes a anomylous situation, viz.: Mr. and Mrs. Carter know all the swellest people a *little* and exchange entertainments with them and have them at "The Beeches" and to go cruising on the steam yacht, but Mr. Tom and Miss Harriet do not know their sons and daughters, except at a distance.

And that suggests a thought. If Mr. Tom and Miss Harriet had the money instead of Mr. and Mrs. Carter would they know people any better than they do now? And for myself I think they would not and that it would be the same, for the difference lies right here, that Mr. and Mrs. Carter, while they put on more or less side, are not ashamed of where they come from or how they got their money and simply want to be like other rich people and to have a good time, but Mr. Tom and Miss Harriet are ashamed of their father and mother, which is unfilial and betokens a mean nature. Still you cannot blame Miss Harriet so much because she has been a sort of odd stick all her life and now she has her own circle of friends who are nearly fashionable but not quite and who do everything the smart people do only much more so. Miss Harriet is great on afternoon tea at Sherry's and Bridge Parties at the Waldorf, and you can bet harf a crown she'll have a box at every kind of charitable musical show that is going.

Now this is what I mean. We had a small dinner of twenty-eight at our house one evening and a certain lady was there from Chicago whose husband had been in oil with Mr. Carter. The lady was more like wot Mrs. Carter *had* been fifteen years ago and as she was quite rich she thought it would be a good time to make an impression on New York. Now it happened that it was really Miss Harriet's dinner party instead of her mother's and most of her swellest friends was present and it was an unfortunate time for the Chicago lady to select. So she says very loud:

"Oh, we had such a charming time in Paris—perfectly lovely," she says, "and we had a most interesting experience," she says, "we saw Carolus Duran ascend several times in his air ship."

Everybody looked a bit astonished and then one of the gentlemen put his hand over his mouth and sort of choked and Miss Harriet got very red and says:

"Santos Dumont, you mean, don't you?" she says. And the Chicago lady looked green and says:

"Yes, of course, Santos Dumont. How stupid of me!" she says.

Later on when she had recovered herself she got a-talking about her house on the Boulevard on the Chicago Lake and says:

"You know my husband and I just went to Eurrup and left the architect *carte blanche* to do everything, even to buying the tidies," she says. "We told him that wot we wanted was for him to make us, regardless of expense, a beautiful home!" she says.

Well, there was such a stillness that the lady thought she had created just the impression she wanted and made amends for Carolus Duran, until Miss Harriet says very distinct,

"How perfectly delightful to be able to afford such a lugsury as to have your architect buy your tidies!"

Then they all began to talk very fast about how the new basso who played the Devil at the Opera didn't wear anything but spangles.

Arfter everybody had gone and James and I was taking the flowers out of the drawring-room to send to the Children's Hospital Miss Harriet snapped at her mother.

"How could you invite such a vulgar woman to the house to meet my friends! I'm humiliated!" she says.

Mrs. Carter just laughed.

"I thought it was rather funny!" she says. "Poor Fanny!" she says. "She is one of the best women in the world."

But Miss Harriet was mad clear through and she says,

"I suppose she is the kind you was brought up with," she says.

And Mrs. Carter's lip sort of trembled and she didn't say anything for a minute and then she says:

"I think you must be tired, dearie. Let's go to bed."

That is the contradiction in people, for the very next day Mrs. Carter would hardly speak civil to the man who came to show her a sketch for the new mantelpiece.

She Tore it All Up in Little Fine Pieces and Put it on the Palm of Her Hand and Blew Them Straight at Him

When you come down to it there is no particular difference that I can see between my mistress and her eldest daughter (I do not speak now of Miss Patricia) and the women who work for them. In fact there is no one of them who is so gentle and well favored as Eliza Thomas, my mistress's maid. And not putting it down by way of a jest, did not James the second man when he was cleaning the parlor window overhear a cabby say to my mistress, Mrs. Carter, not being able to tell she was not a servant on account of her mackintosh (for they are all made alike):

"Hello, Maggie, are you out promenayding?" Which is wot Lord Craven used to call a *argumentum ad hominum*.

Now there were plenty of Carters on the Devon side when I was a boy and I have heard my father say that one by the name of Carter kep pigs for his grandfather. For what is a Carter? He is one who carts, just as a Smith is a smith, and a Wheelwright is or was a wheel wright. And if it is so in England it is a great deal more so in America.

James, the Second Man, Almost Fell Through the Transom

But when my mistress goes out she would have you believe that she was royalty at the very least and so would Mrs. Padden and Mrs. Bostock and the other ladies who wear coronets in their hair which is contrary to etiquette. Which is not saying that I do not like Mrs. Carter, for I know very well that she values my good opinion and frequent inquires my advice upon matters of procedure. In fact sometimes I have thought that when we were together she had less *savoir faire* than when in company. At any rate she does not make so much effort, and effort is quite necessary for her. But I may say *on passong* that Mrs. Carter's manners in public is more formal and her manners in private less formal than any lady I have worked for, not to say at times almost vulgar. That is the chief reason that I care less for life in America, for Mrs. Carter always treats me as an ekal on ordinary occasions and like a sweep in company and I am neither one nor the other.

In England I have seen my Lord Craven jump out of his brougham and slap a shabby looking gentleman on the back right in the Serpentine and drag him home to dinner with a fine company and make much of him because he had written a book about old Roman ruins, and my lord always had about him a group of gentlemen and ladies who had no money, but who were either play actors, or sportsmen, or poets, or painters, and with them the best folk in England, and all of them seemed at home with one another and often I could not properly serve the courses at dinner so great was the laughter and goings on. But here, although Mrs. Carter goes to all the great balls and banquets and has her box at the opera, to say nothing of her place at Newport and the great steam yacht that cost two hundred thousand pound, neither she nor her guests seem to take much pleasure in them, and all who comes to her house are rich ladies exactly like herself, and formal and careful always to appear just so for fear it might be supposed they did not know wot was wot. There has hardly been a single person distinguished in art or music or letters (saving Mr. Amos) sit at our table, and when Mrs. Carter gives a swell musical I have seen great singers that had the run of Lord Craven's house and have often handed me a tenner in the old days and who my Lord was proud to call his friends, shown to a side room and when sent for come out and sing their songs and go away unspoken to by anybody. But that was when I first entered their service.

Once when Moseer Ritz the great tenor had sung for us and was going down the front staircase he stopped and patted me on the shoulder and says:

"Well, my chere old Peter, how are you?" And it brought me back to all the good times in Park Lane and the tears almost came into my eyes so that I could hardly speak, but we had a few words and when he had gone out I turned around and there was Mr. Carter, and he says, surprised-like:

"Ridges, do you know Ritz?"

And I says, "I know Mr. Ritz, sir, because he was an old friend of my master Lord Craven."

And Mr. Carter says under his breath, "The deuce he was!"

And the next winter when they had him again he was asked to dinner first.

At the dinner Mrs. Carter introduced him to a fine lady in the drawing-room and says in a sort of apologetic way, "Let me present Moseer Ritz, the great singer, you know." Then to Mrs. Carter's surprise, for you could see it, the lady grabs Mr. Ritz's hand and he bends over and kisses hers and they begin to jabber French at a great rate and the lady turns to Mrs. Carter and says with a smile, "Moseer Ritz and I were old friends in England."

After that Mr. Carter sometimes asked me what other friends of Lord Craven's was of that sort, and some of them were asked to sing and play for us and always invited to dine and introduced to everybody. But of course it did not happen all at once as I write it, but came about very slow and quiet so as hardly to be noticed.

But this incident occurred nearly ten years ago and to-day you should see how these singing people put on side. Some of them is quite ordinary but they act as if there was no one else to be considered. It is nine years since Mlle. Pêche sang at our house. After the guests had all assembled she came in by herself and sang her songs while all the audience kep right on talking and paying no attention to her, and at the end of the programme Mr. Carter walked up to her before everybody and handed her a cheque, face out, so you could see a thousand dollars written on it, and she turned quite white and her eyes glared like automobile lamps and she tore it all up in little fine pieces and put it on the palm of her hand and blew them straight at him. He must have felt awful. After the *swaree* was over he said he reckoned he had made a brake and Mrs. Carter said she guessed he had too and that he should have knowed better. Mr. Tom wasn't there or he would have been profane. But that was before the time Moseer Ritz spoke to me on the stairs.

There was another time after that I recall at "The Beeches" when Mr. Carter telegraphed to an agent in New York to send him out the best music to be had and not to spare expense. He was going to have a big dinner and he wanted dinner music but he didn't say so in his telegram, and after the first course had been served four little men in long hair drove up in the public hack from the station and got out very angry because no carriage had been sent to meet them. Mr. Carter had instructed me to put the musicians in the pantry, and let them play there with the door part open, so I tried to pacify them and put them in. Then I told Mr. Carter the musicians had arrived, and he spoke up quite loud so everybody could hear and says:

"So the beggars have come at last, have they? Well tell them to hit it up and give us a tune!"

But when the quartet saw the pantry and the dinner being served in it and realized how they was expected to sit there and play they took on dreadful and the littlest one shook his fist in my face and talked like a watchman's rattle for almost five minutes. Then they all turned around and walked out of the house.

Well, Mr. Carter was pretty mad about it then, but he was madder next day when he got a bill for $1000 for the services of the Kreisel Quartet, the celebrated concert players. He had asked for the best and he had got them.

After that he and Mrs. Carter began to see how important these musical people think they are, and treated them according. And only last year the joke was on one of *them*, for we had Camperuso the great tenor come out to "The Beeches" and of course the place of honor was set for him beside Mrs. Carter. But he went right up to his room as soon as he got there and went to sleep. About seven he rang the bell and I went up to see wot he wanted.

"Vat have you to eat, in dis place?" he says in broken English.

"Anything you want, sir," says I.

"Tray beang," he says. "Pring me a sandwich and a boiled egg."

"Very good, sir," I says rather surprised.

So I had them brought up to him and he ordered a bottle of champagne, and had his supper and then asked the price.

I says it was nothing.

"Es not dees a hotel?" he says.

"Certainly not," I says. "It is Mr. Carter's private residence and they are waiting dinner for you downstairs this harf hour," I says.

He wouldn't believe it at first, for he really thought it was a hotel (for which I don't blame him), but he was terrible upset and hurried down to make his apologies. Mrs. Carter said it was all right, and that it was the first time she had ever seen a singer embarrassed in her house. And he sang beautiful.

But I am a long way off from Miss Patricia and Master Willie who are the ones that I care for most of all and saving for whom I should have left the Carters long ago, for they are as different from all the rest as black is from white, which is, I fancy, because they was born too late to feel the bad effects of no money at all and then a sudden abundance of it, and yet have had all the refining influence that money can bring, for Miss Patricia is a thoroughbred if ever there was one and a more beautiful and wittier lady than any I ever knew in England. Dear Miss Patricia! How often I have wished I could tell her in other ways than simple service how I worship the ground she walks on and I would rather hear her say "Thank you Ridges" than get a twenty dollar note from Mr. Carter. God bless you, Miss Patricia (I can say it here in my book and no one will find it out) and may your smile be as happy and your hair as golden in the sunshine and your laughter as clear and merry until Peter Ridges is too old to know to the contrary.

Most employers distrust their servants and think they are always trying to get the best of them or do something they ought not to do. They are always complaining because the parlor maid hasn't dusted something or the front door bell is not answered in time or the butler gets a telephone message wrong or because the servants don't go to bed at harf past ten, and they say that all servants do just as little work as they can without being discharged, and take every advantage they can and is extravagant and careless and ungrateful. Now I claim to have had some experience in such matters and if I could talk free to some of the employers they would open their eyes. And as the most important thing is what is called the personal relation I will begin with that first.

Is servants ungrateful? Mrs. Carter often says to me, "Ridges, I should think arfter all these years Jones (or Thompson or William or Morton) would have some affection for the family and for me and not leave us in this way just to get a few dollars more at the Woolen-Smiths. It doesn't seem as if you could get anyone to stay with you, no matter how well you treat them."

And she sighs and looks resigned and the housekeeper goes down to Seely's to get another second-man. And I have to say:

"Yes, madam. It is too bad, madam."

Now wot I would like to say is this:

"Arfter all you have done for Jones? Wot may I ask, *have* you done for him? You have given him fifty-five dollars a month more or less regular and sometimes three weeks later, and you have handed him five or ten dollars at Christmas and a couple of fifty cent cravats and a horn of lemon drops. You have seen him when he answered the bell about twice a day for four years excep when you was away which was about five months in the twelve. I don't believe you know his first name, and you would not recognize him out of his livery.

"*Wot* have you done for him? You

(Continued on Page 20)

"Have You Any *Peanuts* for the *Swans?*" He Says

MY LADY'S RUGS

What They Cost Their First Owners

No Man Hunts Stripes Foot to Foot and Eye to Eye

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ONCE upon a time there was a stone age, once an Elizabethan age, once an age of great geographical discoveries. Now and again we have had an age on which high tariff or Protestantism, Crusading or crinoline or something distinctive has set its mark for later reference. This age of the world will some time be known as the age of money. The guinea stamp is on the twentieth century.

The other evening over in London two young men were engaged in earnest argument as to their relative superiority in what is known as the punch. The representative of the proud republic of America, according to the press reports by cable, comported himself without fear or reproach until a certain moment in the second round. At that instant his face suddenly blanched with fright. Horror sat on his brow. Had he been smitten by the other man in claret, wind or bread compartment in such measure as to afford him pause?

No, he had only hit the other man so hard that he was afraid he had ruined the moving pictures!

Money governs even fighting, where joy ought to be unconfined. Music, art, literature, loving-kindness, charity, food, air, light, comfort, love—all of these things are measured by money to-day. If you do not pay the salary of your waiter in your tip you do not eat. If you feel like saying to your neighbor that it is fine weather it is safer first to retain him with a fee, because he may be a doctor or a lawyer. There is nothing which does not resolve itself to the test of the coin. There is no risk money has not undertaken, no result it has not attained, no luxury it has not conferred, no deed of valor it has not surpassed with smiling ease.

A Stone-Age Maid in Silks

WHAT do men do with their money? Most of it they spend on women. Take woman off the shopping streets and the marts of the world would close to-morrow. Most of the money of the world goes to my lady for her adornment, her ease, her comfort, her beautifying, her indulgences. Take women out of the world—just supposing the case, not too seriously, and not longer than a minute—and all the earth's palaces would come down. The entire commercial life of the world would be changed. There would be no civilization as we know it now. The wildernesses of the world would arise again.

These, it should be remarked, are scientific deductions, and neither personal preferences nor prophecies. If the worst comes to the worst, the world will never become womanless through wish of mine, no matter what happens to civilization. Yet one may, in moderation, go so far as to say that, before woman is accorded the suffrage, she should be ready to prove herself less elemental and barbarous, more thoughtful and kindly, than she was before Rome fell.

There was Nellie in her sulphur-colored gown the other afternoon, when I had tea there in the Louis-Quinze room—the time Johnson stumbled over the big tiger head and spilled tea down the front of Nellie's frock. It was not the swift lightning of Nellie's eye, suppressed on the instant, which showed she gladly would have slain Johnson—as I wish she had. That was not what made her seem, to a scientific person, willing to dabble her hands in innocent blood. It was the tiger skin itself, combined with other rugs which I have seen about the place.

Nellie loves her great tiger rug. The Joneses haven't one. The Wallingford girl hasn't one, and, as her father is reported caught in the slump, it seems unlikely that the Wallingford girl ever will have one. Only three families of Nellie's acquaintance have tiger rugs; but many others want tiger rugs. This one cost a thousand. It is beautiful; and Nellie, properly arrayed against its dusk and tawn—not that Nellie would pose, and not that Nellie would writhe after the fashion of lady novelists who love to combine contorted heroines and tiger rugs—Nellie, I say, knows its full value. She told me once in confidence that she had had three proposals on the tiger rug as against only one on the grizzly.

Then the Mother Will Not Run Away, but Will Stay and be Slain Cheerfully

If we try to reform all the world before tea we only get anxious and spoil our own appetites for tea. But, perhaps, Nellie would like to know some things.

The common horse used to have five toes or feet on each leg, and has but one now. There is a rug-loving splint on Nellie's soul, which shows where a lot of other instincts used to be. It having happened some eons ago, she cannot remember the tall man with the club who used to go out and kill a tiger for her, now and then. She only knows vaguely that she likes tiger rugs. Nellie thinks she is civilized in her sulphur silk, but really she was far more gentle when she wore a frock made out of a wolf-hide cut bias, and had on her hair a fillet of willow leaves instead of a gold comb with emeralds *en cabochon*. Nellie always loved furs, rugs, skins of beasts—she doesn't know why. Toward the owners of these rugs Nellie has been unspeakably cruel—she does not know why.

Hunting Down Stripes to His Death

THE record of the royal tiger, about as sportsmanlike as any, none the less, is red on both sides. One can see the long line of beaters, lean, naked, brown men, tom-tomming through the covert to drive the game to the guns; but, now and again, the tiger breaks through the line and leaves behind him some brown, worthless man crumpled on the ground. There were brown and crumpled women carried away by the man-eater from the water-holes long before this hunt was organized. The natives did what they could. Sometimes they put out a bullock—a live one—tied fast in the jungle, so that the tiger, hearing it bawl, might come to kill it and so pass near a platform hidden in some near-by tree. No man hunts Stripes foot to foot and eye to eye. He gives no quarter, and is never shown any quarter. Cruelty and remorselessness are on both sides of the record of this rug. Perhaps the tiger died by inches in its lair before the natives dared to follow it and find it half-disemboweled by ancient Martini bullet or by an iron jingal ball. The cat has many lives. Had this cat been owner of ninety instead of nine, none the less it must have paid them all, for pursuers never lack when the market calls—the market, made by my lady all over the world.

Stripes did not always find an honorable end. For him brown and white hunters sometimes dug pits in the forest paths, with slanting sides and sharp stakes at the bottom. Impalement and agony may have been the price of this particular skin. It may have been killed by poison, or perhaps by a set-gun, neither immediately fatal. There are sometimes bare places on a tiger hide where the hair has slipped. Sometimes the native hunters do not at once find, or care to find, the wounded tiger. Only be sure that, in this game, everything is fair. It is the market which pursues the royal Bengal tiger most sternly and relentlessly; and back of the market is my lady.

Dozens of professional hunters follow tigers for money. Bales of the hides are regularly received in the market. The tiger's hide is a staple commercial article, with no romance attached to it. Soon Stripes will be no more. Rice-eating man would dwell side by side with the tiger indefinitely, each species taking toll of the other indefinitely, but the market alters that.

All over the flat lands of heat, where the more brilliant skins are found, also in the midland country of Asia, China, where the prized mountain tigers of long fur are found, men wage war for Nellie, and it is war without mercy. Perhaps the owner of this skin was granted the mercy of some swift lethal blow. Perhaps it lay a day or a week in agony. What a fate for a fighting creature! Its skin does not even lie by the fire of the fighting man who killed it. It was bought by some man who, perhaps, shivered when he looked at the mounted head, eventually owned by my lady, who does not know what a tiger is, or whence it comes, and cares only that it is fashionable or fascinating.

Lying Down Like a Broken-Hearted Dog, Asking Only to be Killed

Feminine Phœnician, my lady searches from pole to pole for her rugs. Sometimes, in her more contemplative moods, she almost fancies that she prefers the Arctic coldness and purity of the polar-bear rug to the tropic flame of the skin which copies the jungle floor in its mixed floods of light and shade. Again, in the foreground is the impersonally omnivorous market. Nellie, daughter of Jacob, does not reflect that this coat is white because snow is white, that it is deep and warm because ice is deep and cold. She does not see the snow-field reddened widely with the blood of this great bear. Where should it lie to-day? In the hut of some Eskimo, perhaps, who would have killed no more than he needed, and killed for some actual good. It was, perhaps, some boat party from a Northern whaler which killed this bear, a dozen rifles against one helpless creature, and rifles which would kill the last bear in the Arctics, if they might, knowing that the market would absorb them all; because my lady and her fancy are back of the market.

The Polar Bear Unsafe at Sea.

IT IS easiest to kill the polar bear when it is seal-fishing with its cubs near by, for then the mother will not run away, but will stay and be slain cheerfully. Sometimes the whaling ships find one of these bears swimming far out in the open sea beyond the sight of land. It is easy to get my lady her rug in such case as that. The Arctic region is wide and white and lonesome; but over much or most of it my lady has out her men. How long will the white bears last? Until the market finds them. What would you expect as the fate for an animal whose hide is worth three hundred, five hundred, perhaps a thousand dollars? No matter how far and wide and hard and cruel the commerce may be, the market must and will be supplied.

The hide of the great grizzly of the American continent disputes with the polar bear the second place in my lady's choice of rugs. Perhaps it may have first place in the minds of most men, who retain something of the savage hunting instinct, and who match themselves in spirit with the sheer savage strength which once lurked in the hide of this giant bear. Stories of the ferocity of the grizzly were once true, though they are less true to-day. Women, not men, made that change! The grizzly is not now a a thing of terror. He belongs to a species swiftly vanishing. Once he lived as far east as Wisconsin and Minnesota; thence west entirely across the great plains. He was common in Kansas and Nebraska, and in all the Bad Lands of the Dakotas and Eastern Montana he lingered long as he might. To-day the species is confined to the Rockies and the Sierras, and, to-day, the grizzly bear is for the most part a wary, fleeing thing. The grizzly hide which my lady affects for the library fireside is, perhaps, silver-tip in color, that being the most valuable sort. It may be gray, or pepper and salt, and there are red grizzlies or cinnamons; though most red bears are really black. Whether gray, brown, yellow, or very dark in color, as chance and personal habits and climate may determine, the full-coated hide of the grizzly has definite commercial value, because my lady likes it. Men pay from one hundred to five hundred dollars for a good grizzly rug, sometimes more. Such rugs are admired by my lady as much as by any male possessor.

The Way They Get the Grizzly

THE rich young man of to-day who goes in for sport finds it incumbent upon him to kill a grizzly. If he be careless of the proof he may come home with the hide and the story. In any case, his grizzly rug will cost him money. As to getting a grizzly hide fairly with the rifle, the chances are heavily against the American hunter to-day. Grizzlies are scarce and shy. Woman, not man, has made them so. To-day one would hardly like to take a thousand dollars and guarantee a sportsman a good grizzly on a hunt anywhere in the United States. He might make several hunts even in British Columbia, and not get his shot. In Alaska there are grizzlies, though not always with hides so beautiful as those of the best specimens of the Rockies. On the long finger of the Alaskan peninsula there are many enormous hides, waiting for Nellie to come and take them, because, from the Sierra Madre of Mexico to the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, Nellie has out her men, seeking rugs for her library, her drawing-room, her boudoir, her hall.

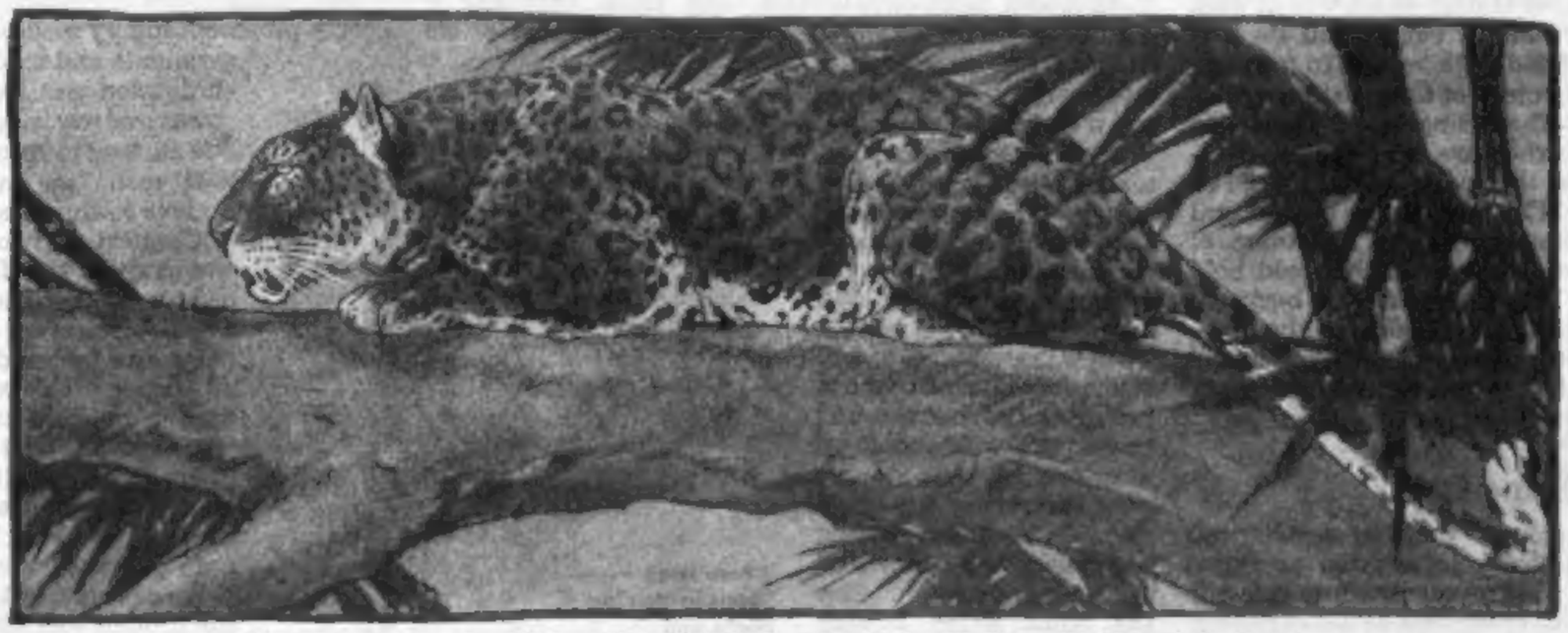
But does she know the cost, the real price of this great gray rug, whose mane she stirs with the point of her dainty patent-leather slipper as Albert talks to her before the glowing wood fire? There are foundations for all prices. Nellie's father or brother or lover or husband probably could not take one thousand or two thousand dollars, and go out and kill this hide; yet one or other of them bought it for a few hundred. Why? Because of traps. Because of anguish unspeakable inflicted on dumb creatures. Next time you kneel on Nellie's rug, look at the feet. Perhaps, even if her brother, or her brother's guide, "killed" this bear it may show on a foot some scraped and half hairless bar sinister. That is where the steel jaws of the trap clamped it and held it. That is why this giant hide, which ought to have been bought only by the price of manhood and hardihood, by strength and courage, was bought for a smaller and a commercial price in coin of the realm. Worst of all of it was that the poor beast was put through an inquisition where it could not recant. It never knew why its nerves were torn. There was no way of submission by which it could purchase ease or freedom, or gain exemption from its agony. It had not even the chance of the bull in the ring, which is there to die, but which may fight and have revenge before it dies. Its strength and cunning were in vain—in vain, because pursuing it with greater cunning and with no remorse was Nellie with the blue eyes, who wanted this hide for her fireside, or for her bedside of a cold morning, since in these days Nellie sleeps with her bedroom window open, as does the trapper in his cabin.

All our civilization is based on cruelty and heedlessness of pain, from sweatshop to mountainside. So long as we remain civilized we never will enact a law prohibiting the use of traps, for that would mean that we could have no rugs nor furs. Such open and obvious things we men do under the fair banner of our civilization. But not in one of these deeds do we parallel the horror of trapping furs and hides.

This grizzly asked only to be let alone. He had learned his lesson. He and his kin, dreading the increasing deadliness of modern arms, had passed back into the depths of the great hills. He fled when he smelled a camp-fire, hid when he heard a passing pack-train; but, after all, he was obliged to live, and he could not learn everything in one lifetime. Perhaps one day he saw a heap of logs lying above another hollowed trough of logs and covering a great piece of meat. He passed under, stooping, until his length was quite extended in the hollow of the deadfall. When its weight dropped his breath was crushed out slowly, as he lay helpless to get free a giant leg and so throw off the incubus. Perhaps he saw between two trees a hole beneath heaped brush, a cross log above and one below upon the ground; beyond them both a tempting bait. Some bears would go behind and tear down the bait house. Perhaps this one stooped and crowded between the two logs, reaching out a long arm. When the deadfall dropped he was caught across the lungs, and so lay extended and helpless, broken down, and unable to heave up through the strength of his great forearms. Perhaps, again, he saw a little log house standing innocently in the woods, the bait in the back easily visible through the open front end. Innocently he entered, and the door of logs fell behind him; and so he starved for days till the trapper got ready to come and kill him.

Man's Wit Against Bears' Wit

BUT not these things were the worst of the tragedies of the grizzly rug. Perhaps the great bear, scuffing along the mountainside, saw a V-shaped pile of logs with a bait at the back. Ephraim is cautious of such things, for he has read about them somewhere. He sits down now grumbling, slavering, licking his jaws as he looks at the meat. At last he decides to take a chance. A small log lies carelessly across the front of the inclosure, and he knows that he must step over this. The trapper knew it also. After long contemplation, he does step over, first putting out his great paw, eight inches or more across, but light as that of a cat. The sole of his foot is thick, impervious almost to a knife-point, but sensitive as the palm of the hand. The grizzly thinks with his feet. He avoids sticks and twigs, does not like snapping things or pointed things under foot. Now he feels the touch of what seems a pointed twig broken off by the wind. He moves his foot, but feels the same touch here and there among the leaves over a place wide as a bushel measure. He stands there balanced, swaying, his front leg extended and feeling. The trapper has put a little ring of sharp sticks around his trap, knowing what the grizzly will do. He does it now. He sets his foot down in the only place where there are no twigs to annoy him, which is to say upon the pan of an 80-pound steel trap hidden under the leaves. Like lightning the jaws fly up and fasten on the foot. There are interlocking steel teeth two inches long on these jaws. They sink to the bone among the muscles and sinews, in



Mottled Tree-Croucher, Whose Hide Beautifully Reflects the Shades and Lights of the Tropics

(Continued on Page 32)

COLLEGE-BRED FARMERS

They Tell How They Made the Old Farm Pay

Not as Dad Did It

AT THE time I was graduated from the university I had no farming experience whatever, and when I took charge of the farm I now control—four hundred and sixty acres—it had been rented for several years, and was in a sad condition as to fertility and cultivation.

My first problem was to build up the productivity of the soil: this I considered fundamental; the next to decide upon the precise line of farming I should follow.

I decided to specialize; and without dairy cows, poultry, orchard or garden I planted alfalfa and clover to fertilize the land, bought cattle to eat the alfalfa, and hogs to scavenge the cattle.

I started with ten acres of alfalfa which I cut with a mower, put in cocks, pitched by hand upon and off the wagon, and stacking two or three tons in half a day. Now I have nearly a hundred acres of alfalfa, which I cut with three mowers and put up with sweeps and a stacker directly from the field, and handle sometimes twenty tons in half a day. The first year I fed one car of cattle and a few hogs. Now we handle three or four cars of each every year. I grow corn on the best land I have; eventually I expect to grow corn on alfalfa sod. When this is done the farm will have come into its own, and then I shall be disappointed if my neighbors do not sit up and take notice.

But always bear in mind that farming is a long-winded game and that it moves exceedingly slow for a city man, because from the conception to the consummation of each move is a season: a year must elapse, as a general rule.

Now, do you ask, what relation has all this to the training given by the agricultural college? Let me be frank with you: when I was graduated from the university in so far as farming was concerned my head was in a buzz of confusion. Had I been a farmer before I attended school I no doubt would have seen things in a very different light, and, having a plan of action laid out or a certain farm in sight, would have sought special precise knowledge on definite points. Once fairly started as a farmer, however, I knew the proper balanced ration to feed cattle and hogs under given conditions; this one point saved me great loss and delay. Then, again, I knew certain things about animal diseases and their remedies. This saved me not only from a large loss but also from falling into the hands of a great horde of quack veterinaries with quack medicines. When a farmer is losing his stock he is an easy victim for the quacks and their stock remedies. Also I knew something of insect pests that damage farm products, and the ways of overcoming them.

Another Great Advantage is the Ability to Size Up the Fattening Possibilities of a Thin Steer

All this knowledge was of certain value to me, but the thing I learned, above all other things, which was at once the justification of my agricultural course and its best result, was an openness of mind with regard to farming. Farmers as a class are life-members of the great fraternity of Do It as Dad Did It. They cling to old ways and old methods simply because they are ultra-conservative. They are prejudiced against things set forth in type or spoken from the platform. The neck of the agricultural graduate is free from the weight of these millstones of tradition, prejudice and conservatism which would hold him back from all progress. He is a student of his business; bulletins of experiment stations and reports of the experience of others—the best information of the agricultural press—these are his textbooks. His work in school is but the beginning of his education. —H. W. DAVIS, JR.

College Tame Oats

ON THE home farm, before I went to agricultural college, we practiced a four-year rotation of crops: twice corn, once oats, once wheat; and now I go this one better since I learned the value of legumes as soil enrichers. We sow clover with all our oats except a small piece each year, which we sow with alfalfa after grain is cut. The alfalfa we allow to stand three to four years and then follow it with corn. We let just enough clover stand to meet our requirements for hay and seed, pasturing the remainder of the field and then plowing it under in the spring, to be followed with corn again.

Not many years ago we were told that we were wasting our time in growing wheat and that corn was the real money crop. Here is the answer to this statement which we have worked out in a practical way: we are just the wheat crop ahead, as the increased yield in corn caused by the rotation has fully made up for the loss in acreage. In fact, we are now able truthfully to say that we are the wheat, clover and alfalfa ahead—a clear gain—and this is no mean consideration when you figure the value of clover and alfalfa fed in connection with corn.

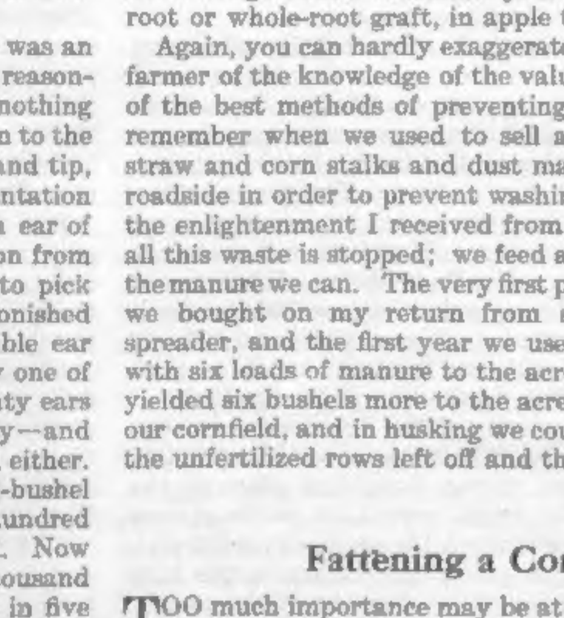
This one feature of what I learned at the agricultural college is worth many times over what I expended for my education there. To understand the value of alfalfa hay in all feed operations is worth a course in an agricultural school.

A few of our farmers tried growing alfalfa and pronounced it a failure. They urged against it that it would produce only two crops a year; that the first crop would come in the wet end of the season, which would render the hay impossible to stack without spoiling; that the second crop would not yield well in a dry season, and that it was, after-all, not a good feed.

While attending the college I had my eyes opened on the question of alfalfa, and on my return to the farm I said, "We will grow alfalfa." The result has succeeded beyond our expectations. We now keep twenty-five acres in alfalfa and get five tons of excellent hay from every acre each year, and an abundance of good, safe pasturage besides. Not only is it relished by all stock but it is by far the easiest feed to handle.

Before I went to college an ear of corn was an ear of corn and nothing more. If it had a reasonable size it looked good to me. I knew nothing and cared less about the proportion of corn to the cob, about the value of a well-filled butt and tip, about the wedge-shaped kernel, about indentation and the various other vital features of an ear of corn. While at home on my first vacation from school I went to our corn-crib and tried to pick out a quantity of good seed-corn; I was astonished to find that there was scarcely a presentable ear in the entire crib. Now I can go into any one of the cribs on the farm and pick out twenty ears every one of which will score above seventy—and do this without any hunting over the pile, either. We used to think that our nine-hundred-bushel cribs did well if they shelled out nine hundred bushels—and often they would fall below that mark. Now these same cribs invariably shell out more than a thousand bushels. All this change has been accomplished in five years simply and solely by the process of intelligent selection—for we grow the same variety of corn now as when we went to college.

Before I took my agricultural course the oats grown in our locality were practically confined to two varieties: one a fair yielder in a favorable year—but, unfortunately, most years were unfavorable, and these oats had a strong tendency to lodge and were very susceptible to rust; the other kind, a late variety, had heavy straw and would not lodge, but was a poor yielder. In school I learned of a new variety of oats imported from Russia by the experiment station. I brought several bushels of this kind home. This is the variety we now grow, and the yield is not only much larger but far more dependable, and these oats will stand up after our heaviest storms, even after they are dead ripe. This makes cutting a comparatively easy and successful operation. But the point which I wish to emphasize in this connection is that one neighbor after another has seen the success of our "college oats" and secured seed, growing them as successfully as I have been able to myself. This little fact tells the story of the value to the country at large of the training given by the agricultural college. Wherever a good student of one of these colleges is located he has become, by sheer force of example, an active missionary in the cause of progressive agriculture. This kind of yeast is working in almost every locality.



We Saw the Point and Went into Dairying

Of course, it is idle to expect to revolutionize all the old-fashioned home practices of rule-of-thumb farming in five or ten years, but I know from actual experience how great a stimulus to the application of physical and mental energy along industrial lines it is to know definitely the ends you are striving for. In fact it is difficult within reason to put a limit upon the value to the farmer of knowing the peculiar qualities and points of breed of livestock and their adaptability, the value of pure-bred livestock and particularly of pure-bred sires; to know the hardy varieties of fruit, their adaptation to different localities, and to make cuttings and grafts. I don't believe the average farmer could tell you which is the best, piece-root or whole-root graft, in apple trees, for example.

Again, you can hardly exaggerate the importance to the farmer of the knowledge of the value of humus in soil and of the best methods of preventing soil erosion. Why, I remember when we used to sell all our grain, burn our straw and corn stalks and dust manure in ditches on the roadside in order to prevent washing. Now, by reason of the enlightenment I received from my scientific training, all this waste is stopped; we feed all our grain and get all the manure we can. The very first piece of farm machinery we bought on my return from school was a manure spreader, and the first year we used it to cover ten acres with six loads of manure to the acre. That ten-acre tract yielded six bushels more to the acre than the remainder of our cornfield, and in husking we could instantly tell where the unfertilized rows left off and the fertilized began.

—H. W. EHLERS.

There is as Much in Buying Right and Selling Right as in Feeding

Fattening a Cornfield

TOO much importance may be attached to a single comparison in the matter of crops. Still, I think my work shows so plainly what two different men will accomplish with the same piece of ground, working along different lines, that it may be of value in establishing the fact that many farmers do not make all the money they might, through lack of scientific treatment of the soil.

In 1901 there was a crop of corn planted in this field in a poorly prepared, lumpy seed-bed. The corn managed to germinate and made a fairly good stand. The cultivation was inadequate and weeds came strong and were never eradicated. The ground was allowed to bake, and at husking time this field made an average of only thirty-five bushels to the acre by weight.

The next year following this a crop of oats was sown in this field, yielding about sixty-eight bushels. Then the following year, 1903, I took possession of the field and plowed it about five inches deep during the latter part of August. This was partly to kill the cockleburs in the field and partly for my own convenience. A good many oats were shelled off in the harvest, and they came on after plowing, making an excellent growth of cover-crop, such as rye would have been.

In plowing I was careful not to make any balks or skips, but to see that every foot of the ground was turned to a uniform depth. Nothing more was done to this field until the

spring of 1904, when I put it into first-class condition for planting, and used the same kind of corn as grown there three years previous. Surface cultivation was used in tending this corn, and care was used to see that the roots were not even injured to the slightest extent, while the surface was thoroughly stirred and converted into a dust mulch. We also pulled the weeds by hand where they could not be reached with the cultivator.

The summer was quite dry with us, and, while many stopped cultivation, we kept going over the field at least once a week during the whole season until the corn was so tall we could not cultivate without breaking the stalks. Nothing more was done to the crop except to gather it, and I weighed out of this field fifty-six bushels to the acre. I credit the increase of twenty-one bushels entirely to better methods of farming. The seasons were very similar, the corn was the same variety, the tools used in both instances were the same make, and the ground was poorer if anything for the last crop, as it had produced a crop of oats. The methods pursued made an increase of twenty-one bushels, and these methods are those taught at all agricultural colleges of the corn belt.

There Is Money in It

But let us pursue the story of this particular field a little further. In 1905 I sowed it to oats and also seeded it with clover. The stand was good and it cut slightly over two tons of hay to the acre. Very late in the fall of 1906, that is in November, I again plowed this field, and last spring planted it again with same variety of corn, using the best methods at my command. When I weighed out the crop in the fall I found that, in spite of the backward season, the field had yielded seventy-one bushels to the acre. Let me add that I am working the rotation of corn, oats and clover on my land, plowing the barnyard manure and the clover stubble. I plow as late as possible in the fall, so as to get a good crop of second growth on the clover for green manure. I was compelled to plow early at first to eradicate the weeds, but the farm is now quite productive and free from foul and obnoxious weeds, and is producing better crops every year.

Livestock farming is undoubtedly the right thing, and I raise some stock and feed more. There is money in it for me, and I have fed a balanced ration almost continually in the fattening of stock. Although I have used some shorts in fattening the swine, they have had mainly digestive tankage in balancing the rations, but for cattle and horses I use very largely clover hay, and good clover and bluegrass pasturage with very little cottonseed meal. In a word, I try to get the cheap foods which are both palatable and suitable for the end in view. But I am firmly convinced that, if a man is to make a success in fattening cattle where he has to buy his feeders, there is as much in buying right and selling right as in feeding. Buy too high and sell too low, and all the teachings of our colleges will avail nothing in the making of dollars and cents.

—S. J. Haight, Jr.

Four Thousand from a Farm

AFTER finishing my short course in the Minnesota School of Agriculture four years ago and returning to my home in the Red River Valley, just on the edge of the timber region, I realized as never before that there must be a change on the farm from grain growing to diversified farming. From the time that my father "took up" the farm as a homestead and cleared the brush from it, the land had been almost continually in grain. The soil was fertile, and produced great crops in the beginning—so great that we boys made up our minds to go into farming on a still greater scale, and mortgaged the home farm for more horses and machinery. The interest on that debt took most of the money that should have gone, by good rights, to diminishing the mortgage.

Astonished to Find that There was Scarcely a Presentable Ear in the Entire Crib

As we cleared the new—and newly-acquired—land and put it under the plow, the old land was constantly decreasing in productiveness. Consequently our income, from that source, was a diminishing one, but there was one thing which did not diminish, and that was the crop of weeds

Our future course was finally determined by a general hailstorm of great violence which prostrated our grain and practically ruined the entire year's crop. Our poor success in that line of farming put us in a receptive mood, so that when Professor Haker taught us that the right kind of cows, rightly fed, would return us two dollars' worth of butter for every dollar expended in feed, we saw the point and went into dairying. We were taught in class the necessity of good and comfortable stables: that was on the theoretical side. On the practical side we knew we must not go further into debt.

Therefore, in order to meet the emergency, we cut young poplars from the place and hewed them into timbers, using them whenever possible, and thus constructed a cow-barn 100x36 feet at an agreeably small cash outlay. The stable floor—the best we could afford—was hard-packed Red River Valley soil. In school we learned that successful dairying can only be practiced by an exact and scientific knowledge of the individual production of each cow, and that this is to be had only by carefully and faithfully kept records of both yield and tests for richness; therefore for the three years we have constantly maintained the practice of weighing each cow's milk twice every month and also taking several days' samples of each cow's milk at frequent intervals throughout the year in order to subject it to careful tests.

The practical value of all this work is not only in the elimination of poor cows from the herd, but also in the determination of proper feed ration. This would never have been done had I not attended the agricultural college, and this scientific bookkeeping saved me a very substantial amount in feed bills, thus gradually increasing my income from the dairy. Our cows during the first year were fed as follows:

63 tons wild hay at	$3.00	$189.00
14 tons corn fodder at	2.00	28.00
10,000 pounds grain at	.84 cwt.	84.00
5,558 pounds grain at	.63 cwt.	35.02
Pasture		42.00
		$378.02

That year our net profit from cream was $382.17. This leaves out of account the milk and butter used by a large family, and the accounting should further be qualified by the statement that the creamery price of butter was depressingly low during that first year of our operations.

One of the most important things determined by our records was the fact that fall cows are decidedly the most profitable.

In the second year we received $2.32 for every dollar expended in the maintenance of twenty-eight cows. At the present time our dairy consists of forty-one cows which yield about eight hundred pounds of milk a day—in other words, our cows are bringing us in three hundred dollars a month—this at a total cost of four dollars a day. In addition to this we have found how to make a nice profit from the raising of calves on a feed mainly of skimmed milk.

To sum up the net result of our farming operations in a word, we are making at least four thousand dollars a year net, and this is in a very great part to be attributed to the heroic application of the principles of scientific farming which were taught me at college.

—Carl O. Carlson.

The Balanced Ration

ONE of the greatest advantages I gained by reason of my course in agriculture was that of knowledge of principles of judging livestock. Repeatedly I have been able to get a better horse for less money than I could possibly have done without my training in school.

There are plenty of horses which look good, but will not make good, and to detect the difference between specimens of these two classes is certainly an immense advantage to the farmer. Another great advantage is the ability to size up the fattening possibilities of a thin steer. In this line alone the instruction which I received at school has been almost invaluable to me.

However, the knowledge of scientific feeding—of how to make up a balanced ration to suit a specific purpose—is the most important of all the advantages which I gained at the agricultural college. For example, I have been feeding fifty hogs the past season and have saved at least one hundred and seventy dollars by feeding them a fitly balanced ration.

There is one thing which the boy who is considering a course in an agricultural college should not forget, especially if he is without funds, and faces the problem of having to get his start by working as an employee: there are plenty of positions open for the graduate of an agricultural college as soon as he leaves the institution. I could have had a place immediately on leaving school at an advance of ten dollars a month over what I was able to get before I took the course.

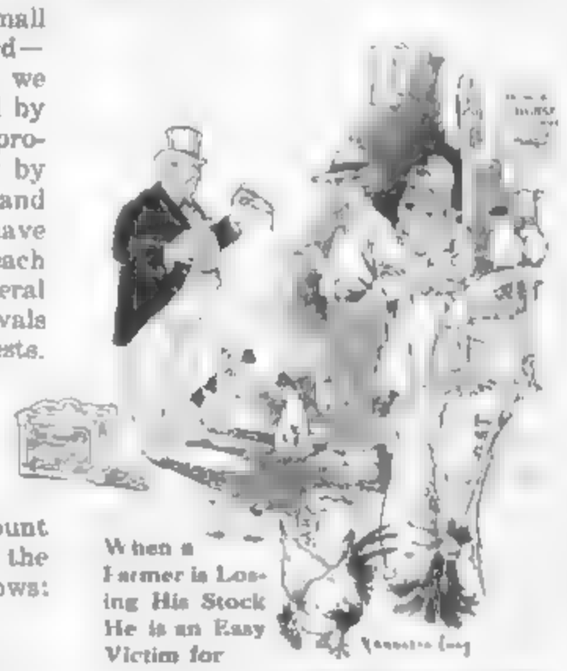
—A. Bottorf.

The Argument of the Full Ear

MY RECORDS show that my three years and a half required to take the four-year course in the agricultural college cost me about nine hundred and fifty dollars.

Allowing that a man's greatest activity is from the age of twenty-five to fifty years, for that period my efficiency must be increased at the rate of ninety dollars a year to return capital and investment made in my scientific training.

From my first crop of corn I sold seventy-four bushels of seed. The yield of corn on my father's land has been increased from five to ten bushels an acre on the crop of one hundred and sixty-five acres. With the horses we have increased the number of foals from thirty per cent to ninety per cent. for this year—a very high figure and one which will be difficult to hold. We are gradually changing from grade mares to pure-bred Percheron, so that a comparison in the value of foals is not feasible, yet from a business viewpoint this means a greater profit. Any person acquainted with draft-horse prices will readily understand that this increase in the number of foals or change to a far better quality of mares is not costing us anything, while each year the value and future usefulness of the stud is increasing.



When a Farmer is Losing His Stock He is an Easy Victim for the Quacks and Their Stock Remedies

Another very profitable experience occurred during the last year I was in college. Having had a little civil engineering, I demonstrated how we could drain a quarter-section of land which had been considered entirely useless.

The total cost of this operation was about sixty-five dollars, and this year the return from eighteen acres of the worst portion of that ground, put into wheat, was five hundred and ten dollars.

I certainly believe that every good student of an agricultural college is a substantial asset to the farming industry in the community in which he settles.

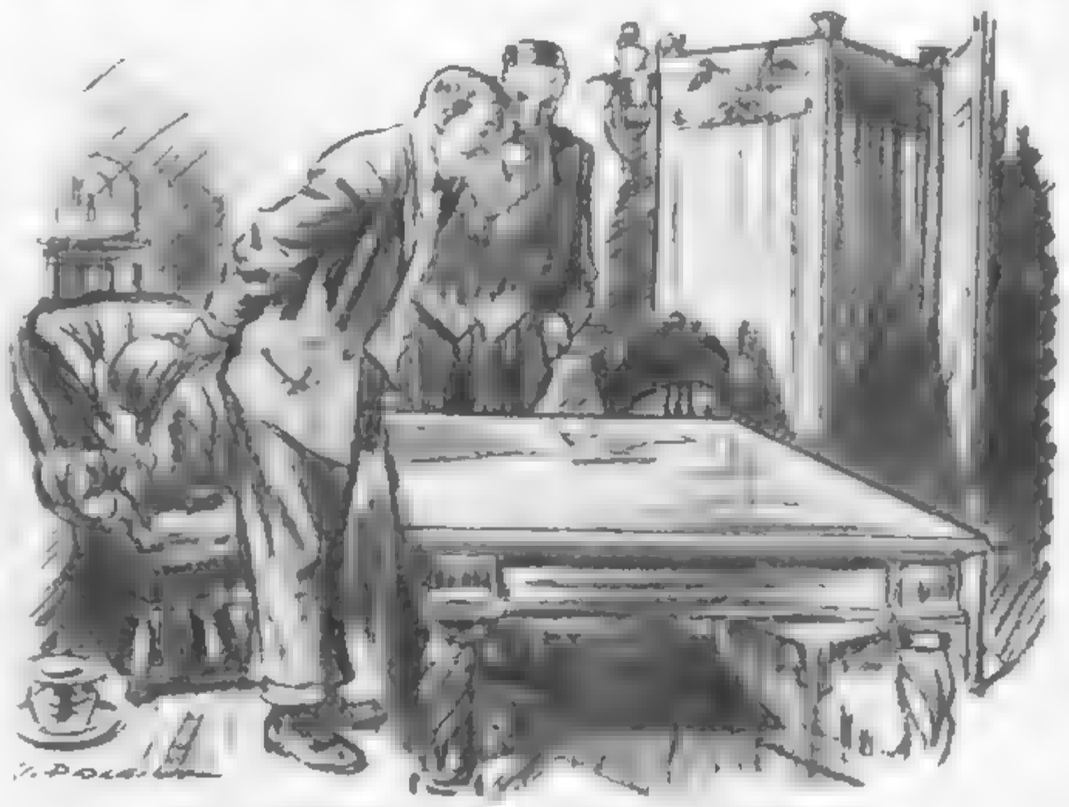
It is a very difficult matter for a young man from an agricultural college to gain the confidence of unscientific farmers in advanced methods. The only way this can be done is never to *force* any new ideas, which conflict with their traditions, upon them. But let the results of the progressive work do the talking for themselves. When neighboring farmers see that the fields of the young man from the agricultural college are outstripping their own in production and bringing in a richer return in dollars and cents, they will begin to ask questions and seek instruction in his methods—although they are quite likely to do this in a roundabout way, and without confessing that they are convinced of the error of their own ways.

As an illustration of how actual results influence the attitude of farmers of the old tradition, let me say that when I received my first pure-bred seed-corn several of the farmers in my neighborhood rallied me about the price I had paid for it, and told me they would have been glad to have furnished me with just as good seed-corn for much less money. After four years, however, of the twenty-one farmers in my school district eighty per cent. have grown my corn, and sixty per cent. planted it last year.

No doubt my statements as to the increased corn yield will seem rather strong to some farmers, and therefore I want to say that these statements are based on the average for the three years preceding my return to the farm and the three years following it. It must be conceded, I think, that this is a fair basis of figuring.

—Aaron W. Miner.

The Automatic Capitalists



Eight Beautifully-Engraved Pieces of Creamy Linen Paper, for One Hundred Thousand Dollars Each

The Barrington-Benton Gas Deal

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BARRINGTON and Benton, of the young firm of that name, met Sunday afternoon following their successful stratagem to win the confidence of Mr. Tetlow, and discussed their position in a cheerful yet prudent spirit.

"Yesterday morning, Theodore," said Barrington to the junior member, "we had absolutely nothing. We now have a working capital consisting of two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Gas bonds which belong to Mr. Tetlow. The weak point in our situation is that Mr. Tetlow may demand that the bonds be returned at any moment, which would set us back just where we were before."

"In another respect we are on firmer ground," Benton replied. "Yesterday our wealthy Scotch client, Mr. Mackintosh, on whose account Mr. Tetlow let us have the bonds, could hardly be considered as more than a figment of the imagination. To-day there is actually a Mr. Robert B. Mackintosh at the Great Northern Hotel, registered from Glasgow, and enjoying a genuine Scotch katzenjammer in his suite. I don't know but we ought to have another wealthy Scotch client. We seem to be lucky with Scotchmen. Mr. Burns, say Mr. M. R. Burns, who is also doing something in Gas."

"I was wondering," said Barrington meditatively, "whether Mr. Tetlow saw our client close enough to recognize him if they should chance to meet again, and if so, what we ought to do with the man at the hotel."

"I will give him a friendly opportunity to steal my watch," Benton replied. "Then, naturally, he'll skip out of town. A far more important point is to keep Mr. Tetlow busy, so he won't be asking us to hand back his bonds."

"Young Uhlmann, of Hough & Martin, is a friend of yours," Barrington replied. "Suppose you get him, just as a personal favor, to call Mr. Tetlow up in the morning and offer him 101 for the bonds."

Two minutes before ten o'clock, on Monday morning, Mr. Tetlow, in his old green overcoat, slouch hat and steel-bowed spectacles, entered the modest, yet handsomely-appointed, office of Barrington & Benton.

"Concerning those bonds I left with you Saturday," he said mildly, slipping into a chair in the senior partner's room, "I have decided not to sell. So I'll just take them back."

Barrington expostulated. Mr. Tetlow had agreed to sell the bonds at par. They couldn't think of releasing him from the bargain.

"Is your client, Mr. Mackintosh," the old gentleman inquired gently, "prepared to pay for the bonds—on the spot? Or are you? The banks are open now," he added, with a significant glance at the clock. Mr. Tetlow had seen the affluent, but occasionally erring, Scotchman loaded into a cab Saturday, in a shocking state, and been assured that he would be incapacitated for several days.

"Mr. Mackintosh," Barrington replied, with mournful dignity, "is indisposed. But we will pay you for the bonds." He rang for the stenographer and directed her to tell the cashier to draw the firm's check, to Mr. Tetlow's order, for two hundred and eight thousand, eight hundred and sixteen dollars and sixteen cents.

Mr. Tetlow raised objections, somewhat irascibly. The bonds not having been paid for Saturday, he argued, the bargain had fallen through. Barrington was courteous, but firm. Then a startling thought struck him.

"Somebody else has been bidding for those bonds!" he exclaimed accusingly. "You've had another offer! Those fellows are at it again! Mr. Tetlow!" he cried appealingly, "be square with me! Hough & Martin have been butting in!"

Mr. Tetlow was quite embarrassed—such was the effect upon him of the broker's agitated, accusatory manner. Although he couldn't really see where the wrong lay, he nervously twisted his chin-whisker, and confessed, with confusion, that Hough & Martin had, indeed, bid 101 for the bonds.

Barrington's face darkened with anger—and, with secretly holding his breath, his voice was really unsteady. "Hogs!" he cried. "Hogs!" making Mr. Tetlow feel uncomfortable and apologetical.

"You see where I am!" Barrington burst forth gloomily and with great bitterness. "They know I can't disturb Mr. Mackintosh for the present, so they just go butting in! But, Mr. Tetlow, I want you to stand by me in this," he appealed, with a vengeful passion. "When you meet Mr. Mackintosh I want you to verify what I tell him about this bid. By George!"—he considered a moment, in dark wrath—"By George, if they're going to butt in, I'll butt in, too! You just let those bonds alone, Mr. Tetlow; just forget about 'em. By George, I'll see that you get not only 101, but the top price that anybody gets!" He declared it in a low tone, with a sinister look.

"You think," Mr. Tetlow ventured to inquire nervously, "that the bonds may go above 101?"

Barrington, rapt in violent thoughts, seemed scarcely to hear him. "Hough & Martin," he said bitterly, "think because they're a big, rich house and we're a small, poor one, they can run over us. The bond end of the deal belongs to us. Of course, we couldn't swing the stock end—something that might run into eight or ten million dollars. We have to keep two or three hundred thousand dollars in hand to run our little brokerage business with, and aside from that we haven't any resources to speak of. But those pigs think, because we're small, they can run over us. They had no business to touch the bonds."

Thus, by little and little, it leaked out that the Gas deal was a large affair, involving purchases of stock as well as of bonds.

Having gone that far, and being heated with resentment over Hough & Martin's greed, Barrington took from a drawer a thick sheaf of typewritten sheets, neatly bound together.

"There," he said, lowering his voice and laying his hand impressively upon the sheets, "is a copy of the most complete report on Gas you ever saw." It was, in fact, a hasty and more or less inaccurate copy of a report on gas, made by a New York investigating committee and published in pamphlet form several months before.

"When Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Burns and their hard-headed Scotch friends go in for a thing," said Barrington confidentially, "they begin right at the bottom." Leafing over the report he called the attention of Mr. Tetlow, at the other side of the table, to various of its features. "It's simply," he concluded, in a low tone, "a question of operating expenses. Reduce the operating expenses twenty-five per cent, and you can double the dividends on this Gas stock, making it worth two hundred dollars a share. There's the whole thing in a nutshell. Take the company's last report, and figure it over for yourself. Of course, Mr. Tetlow," he added gravely, "I'm putting myself very much in your hands."

Mr. Tetlow was rapidly reducing the chin-whisker to the appearance of a frayed rope. "I believe I have," he suggested, "a couple of hundred shares of Gas stock—only. As a general rule," he added, as an apologetical explanation, "I prefer to go in for bonds."

Confidence begets confidence. "If we had the capital to spare," said Barrington very confidentially, "we'd have three times as much Gas stock as we have. We've managed to get hold of a couple of thousand shares. But we haven't the capital. There's Pliny Blarcum, now"—he spoke as brother might to brother in disclosing that his wife was developing a weakness for spirits. "I know well enough that he's got a couple of thousand shares of Gas. Of course, even if I had the money, if I should go to him he would suspect something right away. But I believe that stock might be bought right now around 125."

Mr. Tetlow, also, spoke very softly, and neither really committed himself to anything. Barrington accompanied the customer to the door, and at parting he repeated gravely: "I'm putting myself very much in your hands, Mr. Tetlow, and I trust that, whatever you do, it will be strictly confidential."

About an hour later Barrington entered the junior partner's room.

"Mr. Tetlow," he said, "has just telephoned me that he has bought Pliny Blarcum's Gas stock at 127. He's going to bring it over here and put it into a little pool with us. Now, if you'd have young Uhlmann call up Pliny and ask him whether he'd take 129 for his Gas stock, you see—"

Not long afterward Benton stepped up to the president's room at the Monolithic National Bank, and saw that President Blarcum and his son Pliny were earnestly consulting within. So he plumped in hastily.

Mr. Blarcum, senior, had a long and rather sad face. His hair, parted in the middle, sloped across his high, narrow forehead. He wore eyeglasses shaped like a bent bow. A fold of leathery flesh hung on each lean cheek and his chin was elongated. His mustache was long, thin and limp. His visage, therefore, had the drooping, melancholy appearance of a weeping willow. His son was round, hard and coppery-red, but by no means as dull as he looked.

"I, why—it just occurred to me, Mr. Blarcum," said the junior partner awkwardly, and evidently disconcerted at finding the son present. "It just occurred to me—I thought, you know, that we might make a trade in Gas stock this morning."

"Sit down, Theodore," said Mr. Blarcum kindly. It had never occurred to him to call the young broker by his first name until, on Saturday forenoon, he had seen what looked like a large bundle of Gas bonds—but wasn't—in the young broker's possession. "Something doing in Gas, is there?" he asked jocularly.

"Oh, no! Nothing doing—that is—why, nothing in particular," said Benton awkwardly. "Of course," he added modestly, "we occasionally have a client that wants to buy a little."

"What'll you give for two thousand shares?" Pliny plumped at him.

"Well, you see, the market's dead as a door-nail," Benton explained. "The last sale, I think, was around 125. But for a round lot, now—say, two thousand shares why, I'd give you 126—that is," he corrected hastily, "I'd try to get you 126."

"I was just offered 129," Pliny replied ruthlessly.

Benton was surprised. "I suppose the buying has started up," he said dejectedly, and for a moment remained silent and downcast. "Our great trouble," he explained, in a sad humility, "is that we haven't any capital to speak of. We ought to have ten thousand shares by now."

"There's never any trouble," Mr. Blarcum reminded him cheerfully, "in enlisting capital if you have the right sort of proposition."

"Even if we had the capital," Benton said meditatively, speaking his thought aloud, "it would be pretty hard to locate the stock in round amounts and get hold of it quietly, without going into the open market and sending the price out of sight. Do you know," he asked, very cautiously, as one feeling his way over dangerous ground, "whether Scott still holds his Gas stock?"

"So far as I know, Tom's still got fifteen hundred or two thousand shares," Mr. Blarcum replied encouragingly. "Joe Topham's got as much more. I fancy I could locate quite a bit of the stock," he said very encouragingly.

Benton pondered. "Now, suppose, Mr. Blarcum," he suggested, most cautiously, "suppose we could get hold of Scott's stock, and Topham's. What margin would you want, now, to carry four or five thousand shares for us—on a sort of joint account, say—if you thought the stock was pretty likely to go to 150, say?"

"Why," said Mr. Blarcum cheerfully, "the usual bank margin on Gas stock would be about twenty-five dollars a share. If I thought—h'm—of course, if I thought it was pretty likely to go to 150——" He left the sentence in the air, regarding the broker expectantly.

Benton very thoughtfully fingered his chin—both his chins, in fact. He essayed to speak once or twice, but seemed unable to bring himself to the point.

Returning to the office, he explained to the senior partner: "Blarcum will lose no time in nosing around Scott and Topham, to see if he can pick up their stock cheap. The fact that conservative Mr. Tetlow bought Pliny's stock looks very significant to him. We must get hold of Scott and Topham and make a proper impression upon them. We now have two hundred Gas bonds and two thousand shares of Gas stock. They belong to Mr. Tetlow, but they look just as good as though they belonged to Vanderbilt."

Thomas B. Scott, who made his pile in linseed oil, was short, stout and sandy; noted for a warm heart and violent temper. His weakness was horses. He would have considered it a great impertinence if young Barrington had asked him to call at the office to talk business. But when the broker humbly sought his advice touching a driving team, Mr. Scott dropped in on the way from luncheon with the greatest good nature. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the entrance of Molly, the stenographer, who whispered to Barrington.

"Certainly, certainly," said the senior partner, and as she was leaving the office he called after her, "Just fetch that stuff in here. I want to look at it a minute."

Molly returned, carrying—as Mr. Scott could not help seeing—a portly bundle of Gas bonds and several certificates of Gas stock. The uppermost certificate was for one thousand shares. She carried, also, two of the firm's checks, the amounts of which Mr. Scott observed with some surprise.

"Must seem rather humiliating to you, Mr. Scott," Barrington observed humorously, as he signed the checks, after having glanced over the securities, "that we have to draw on two banks to make up four hundred and sixty thousand dollars. But we're sailing pretty close to the wind now."

Mr. Scott was regarding the Gas securities with fixed attention. "Are you—ah—doing something in Gas?" he inquired, as Molly left with the signed checks—which she dutifully tore up as soon as she was in the outer office.

Barrington confessed that they were doing a little something, and after a few minutes' conversation it came out that Pliny Blarcum had just offered Mr. Scott 127 for fifteen hundred shares of Gas.

Barrington chuckled. "Good, thrifty old Pliny!" he observed. "Well, don't you let him have it. Don't you let him skin you."

Further conversation ensued, quite guarded on the broker's part, and, before leaving, Mr. Scott himself proposed that he turn in his fifteen hundred shares of Gas to Barrington's little confidential pool.

Joseph W. Topham, the soap man, was also a philanthropist. It was precisely to discuss with Benton, who knew something about practical politics, the possibilities of executing a prohibition coup in the First Ward by secretly organizing the lodging-house vote, that he dropped in at the brokers' office. Their conversation, also, was soon interrupted by the entrance of Molly, and Topham witnessed the delivery to the firm of some four hundred and sixty thousand dollars of Gas securities—the identical securities, in fact, that Mr. Scott had seen delivered. Pliny Blarcum had been speaking about Gas to Mr. Topham, and Topham turned in twelve hundred shares to the pool.

"We now have," said Barrington to his partner that evening, "forty-seven hundred shares of Gas stock, which we are empowered to transfer and dispose of as in our judgment seems best. I don't see why we shouldn't go ahead and accumulate an indefinite amount on the same plan. You see how strong our position is. Blarcum and Scott and Topham and Tetlow will all be nosing around among the larger stockholders. They are men of great weight and standing. The hints which they will inevitably drop will soon start up a quiet little buying movement. The quiet little buying movement will attract attention and prompt others to buy. It works automatically; generates its own steam, as you might say. If you get some men with capital to thinking there's something doing in Gas, why there is something doing in Gas. And the more there is doing, the more people will be convinced that it's something important. Meanwhile, we can make a splendid showing of Gas securities to anybody who drops into the office and is worth while."

Three days later, more stock having been accumulated in a like manner, Benton proposed a further detail by way of verisimilitude. "I think," he said, "we ought to give our friends another convincing sight of our rich Scotch clients, Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Burns."

Barrington looked up nervously. "Is he perfectly sober, and wouldn't he do something to give it away—try to borrow a half-dollar, or something like that?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I don't mean him," Benton explained. "Suppose I take a little red-faced man down to Mr. Blarcum and say: 'This is our rich Scotch client, Mr. Mackintosh—or Mr. Burns, as the case might be—and he's got a million dollars in his pocket.' Why, Mr. Blarcum would see the man, but his imagination would stick at the million dollars. But if I take a million dollars down to Mr. Blarcum and say: 'This belongs to our rich Scotch client, Mr. Mackintosh, or Mr. Burns,' why, seeing the money, Mr. Blarcum instantly imagines the man without any trouble at all. You see, we've got at present near seven thousand shares of stock and some bonds. We can easily 'hock' them and raise good hard cash."

Next day, in pursuance of this plan, Benton took a fast train for New York, carrying with him bank drafts to the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars, which he exchanged in the metropolis. Returning to Chicago, therefore, he brought with him eight hundred thousand dollars in drafts, drawn by a famous New York bank upon its Chicago correspondent, to the order of M. R. Burns. He spread them out tenderly upon the senior partner's table—eight beautifully-engraved pieces of creamy linen paper, for one hundred thousand dollars each. The partners looked down upon them with a kind of ecstatic awe.

By a little contrivance, the pretty engravings were casually exhibited to Mr. Tetlow, and the old gentleman's Spartan heart so far softened that he ventured to address Barrington as "my son." Mr. Scott, accidentally catching sight of the drafts, invited the partners to come out and see his horses, and Mr. Topham urged Benton to come down the following Sunday and hear his pastor discourse upon Opportunities for Young Men.

Being, indubitably, Mr. Burns' attorney-in-fact, Benton did not scruple to indorse the drafts over to the firm in Mr. Burns' name. He visited Mr. Blarcum at the Monolithic National Bank.

"We've never done any banking business with you, Mr. Blarcum," he began gravely. "You see, Barrington is sort of sensitive and proud—more so, no doubt, than a young man with no capital to speak of ought to be. Being, in a distant sort of way, related to your son's wife, he's felt shy about banking with you—fearing that if we asked any business accommodations it would seem like trying to rely on relationship. But I believe in doing business strictly on business principles, without any regard to relationship. We appreciate that your good will would be valuable to us, and I think it's simply businesslike to do part of our banking with you—if agreeable to you."

Mr. Blarcum, in some uncertainty, pulled his drooping mustache. "Of course," he said noncommittally, "we're here to do banking. As you say, I believe in doing business strictly upon business principles, without any regard to relationship."

"Why, that's just how I thought you'd feel about it, Mr. Blarcum!" the broker declared, with glad relief. Without more ado, he took the eight drafts from his pocket and laid them on the desk.

In Mr. Blarcum's dull and sad-looking eyes a light glimmered and grew warm as he took the drafts and turned them over one by one. "Why, Theodore," he said, in a voice charged with emotion, "I'm awfully sorry Marcus ever felt any hesitation about coming to me. It's a pleasure to me to assist young business men—when I consistently can."

Gently he turned the drafts over again. "Mr. Burns?" he said, in a tone of inquiry, reading the payee's name.

"Mr. Burns," said Benton modestly and respectfully, "is associated with Mr. Mackintosh in this Gas affair."

"Well!" Blarcum declared, raising his voice to a cheery pitch, "why don't you bring 'em around? Why not let me arrange a little luncheon at the club, you know?" He suggested it in the manner of a gay dog.

"You see, they're in New York now," Benton rejoined. Lowering his voice, he added confidentially, "Rockwell and his associates there hold twenty to thirty thousand shares of Gas. The minute Mr. Mackintosh and his associates get their hands on that you'll see some fireworks in Gas. Now, that's strictly between ourselves."

A look of pain and alarm gathered upon the banker's melancholy face; in fact, he had gathered in only a few hundred shares of Gas stock not feeling sure enough of his ground to bid up boldly for it. A poignant doubt as to whether he had not, in overcaution, let a fine opportunity escape now smote his mind.

"I was going to call you up," he said untruthfully, "if you hadn't come in to-day. You mentioned, you know, that we might do something on a sort of joint account. Don't you suppose, Theodore, we might still pick up a little stock—without paying too much?" he asked anxiously. "I notice there's been considerable buying in the open market the last two days."

"I'm afraid," Benton replied thoughtfully, "that it's getting late in the day to pick up very much. You see, Mr. Mackintosh and his associates may close their deal with Rockwell any minute, and then the stock will go whooping. But you might see what you can do."

When Benton returned to the office the senior partner reported that Mr. William Bigelow, impelled apparently by some mysterious current in the air, had dropped in, turned the conversation to Gas and left fifty thousand dollars, to be used, at the discretion of the firm, in purchasing stock.

"Well, Blarcum's in line," said Benton. "He'll be pressing valuable securities and certified checks upon us. The bull movement in Gas which we have been guardedly predicting is right at hand, Marcus. Our confidential information will leak out further and further. Anything that leaks through such leading citizens is bound to be convincing. Soon everybody will be buying. As I look at it we have only to follow the bull movement until they put the stock up on one another to 150 or 160. Then we can sell short up to our necks and await the result with great confidence."

Absently manipulating his chins, Benton gave himself over to a train of pleasant reflections. "It's really quite surprising, Marcus," he commented speculatively. "A short fortnight ago all was gone except one poor little Gas bond which didn't belong to us. Now we have the confidence of some of the best people in town and over a million dollars of their property. And anybody, having a million dollars, can easily get more."

"It simply shows," Barrington rejoined, "that we were right in sticking to legitimate lines and not going after the *hoi polloi*. The way to succeed is to begin with the best people."

"We were all right on that point," Benton observed. "We began with Mr. Mackintosh. That reminds me—he has done so handsomely by us that we can afford to do something handsome by him."

"We might try to get him back his old job as janitor," Barrington suggested

"Mr. Tetlow having seen him once," said the junior partner, "I think it would be more prudent to send him out of town; in fact, I've agreed to lend him five hundred dollars. He's going to New York. In a few days, when our friends work Gas up above 150, and we go short twenty or thirty thousand shares, and the stock breaks about twenty-five points—why, of course, we'll become the kind of house which permits people of proper standing to deposit gold certificates and Government bonds with it between one-thirty and four on Tuesday afternoons. I will address our customers upon Browning and Socialism, and you will pour."

Molly Left with the Signed Checks—Which She Dutifully Tore Up as Soon as She was in the Outer Office

Editor's Note—This is the second of three stories by Mr. Payne dealing with the operations of the firm of Barrington & Benton. The concluding story will appear next week.

THE ENCHANTMENT

A Story of Two Lovers and One Dress Suit

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

"I Thought We'd Only Just Begun—Begun to be Friends"

"I THOUGHT you were not going on that trip around the world until next spring!"

"Yes, that was the intention, but Uncle changed all his plans a couple of weeks ago, very suddenly. We sail day after to-morrow, early in the morning. I told your friend Mr. Waller about it last Wednesday, at the Lancasters'. I thought —— Didn't he tell you?"

The girl who asked the question looked so lovely that the man she spoke to forgot to answer for a moment. With all her evident youth and her frankness, she had a gentle dignity and womanliness that indescribably allured by what it seemed to reserve. Her small figure was clothed in some white, silvery gauze which gave a rose-leaf tint to her neck and arms and cheeks; it deepened the warm dusk of her loosely waved hair, and the warm red of her parted lips. The dark blue eyes upraised to his—Vernon was six feet two—had in them something sweetly deferential that had been also guilelessly manifest in her tone; the quality both intoxicated and inspired—he did not command deference just now, as a rule. He answered with resentment against the recreant Waller:

"No, he never told me a word. If he only had!"

"I thought you had rooms together?"

Vernon's face suffered a quick change. "Yes, we have—but he's the closest fellow! And you're going away day after to-morrow—for a year! Why, I'd looked forward—more than I can say—to seeing a lot of you this winter; I thought we'd only just begun—begun to be friends."

"Oh!" said the girl. The swift color rose in her cheek at his tone; she laughed with shy pleasure. "I'm so glad you said that! Do you know, I've always fancied that you were so dreadfully critical—that you really didn't like me very much? This evening, now—you didn't come near me until a few minutes ago! Somehow, I've never been able to talk the way I want to with you; I think and think beforehand what I shall say, and then, after all, when I'm with you, I'm perfectly stupid! I expected to see you at the Ranvilles' last week, and when you weren't there —— Do you know, I'm always mistaking Mr. Waller for you, you look so much alike in evening dress? There's something in the set of his shoulders—you're both so tall ——"

"I hope you didn't say the things to him that you'd meant for me," said Vernon hastily.

"No, oh, no!—I wanted to tell you, before I went away for so long, that I'd always known about your saving Alice Vale's brother from drowning when you were at college, and how many people you helped to rescue in the San Francisco fire; Mrs. Irving told me. I've been so *proud* to know you! Oh, dear!" she broke off with an appealing vexation. "There's Mr. Cramer looking for me on the other side of the room; it's his waltz, and Aunt said we must leave after that! Hide me, please! We go off to the country for all day to-morrow, and come back to a hotel to be ready for the steamer in the morning—but I'll be at the Club ball to-morrow evening. I'll see you then to say good-by, anyway."

"I'm afraid I can't be there," said Vernon reluctantly. "I've an engagement."

"You said a little while ago that you hadn't any!"

"I haven't any engagement to go out—but ——" he hesitated. "I've an engagement—with Waller—at home."

She looked at him with an astonishment which she was too inexperienced to conceal.

"You can't possibly have one with him; he asked me for two dances. Why do you never go out together? Oh, I beg your pardon!" She blushed furiously. "I didn't mean to be impertinent—indeed! And I forgot that you might not want to come, of course."

She rose with youthful dignity, though she was trembling a little. "Are you looking for me, Mr. Cramer? Good-night, Mr. Vernon—and good-by!"

Was there ever such luck! Henry Vernon, standing moodily against the wall, his dark hair falling over his forehead and his tall figure bent forward, watched her slim figure in silvery white, whirling around the room in the arms of a stout young man, whose legs struck out wildly far behind him in large, circling sweeps. Another couple went past, the man with one shoulder affectedly hunched higher than the other. Another, with his partner's hand clenched in his, seesawed the air with his elbow; another yet supported a woman's head upon the lapel of his coat as they revolved slowly, around and around, in one corner of the room. *Her* head reached just about as high as that on the lapel of *his* coat. What guys men looked like when they danced!

He waited until the end of the waltz, with a new eagerness to seize the chance of another word from her, but he did not get it, although she passed near him, her face flushed a little—but that might only have been at what the other fellow was saying; she did not look toward Vernon. She did not turn her head, even when she passed him in the vestibule on her way out—he stood in the porch and heard her carriage door slam shut before it drove away. Then he hailed a cable car and went downtown—far, far down, stopping at a dark, empty cross street, in a quarter sacred to wholesale trade. The watchman outside of one of the warehouses greeted him familiarly as Vernon strode up and turned his latchkey in a side door that, opening, showed a narrow flight of stairs going upward.

"Sure, it's your night out late, sir. Himself has been in a good hour or more. I seen his light goin' backward and forward a bit at first, but he's settled down now."

"He's reading for an examination," said Vernon.

"That readin's terrible bad on the eyes. After ye've had your divarsions it's best for gentleman byes like youse to sleep. Sleep's the grandest thing in the wurrld."

"You're always trying to tuck us into bed," said Vernon indulgently, "but it's no use, Barney! Here's a cigar for you." He closed the door and, striking a match, ran up the dark stairway to open another door on the landing above, toward which a broad ray of light streamed past barrels and packing-cases from the back premises beyond. The front was dimly railed off into offices, with intervening shelves and drawers above a counter at the side. Across the room, at the side, through a wider opening, more packing-cases were visible, and the ropes of a freight elevator. Vernon, with the casual glance of habit, steered his way through crates of green bottles, baskets of cork, marking-pots and brushes, and other like paraphernalia, coming at last to the lighted space beyond the high barrier of wooden cases—a space which, stretching across the two rear windows, gave in its arrangement a semi-military suggestion of a camp. Two narrow cot beds, neatly made up with dark gray blankets, stood against the wall at one end. In the farther corner, with two immense sponges hanging above it, was the dark green back of a "hat" bathtub, and on the top of a curtained box were a couple of white japanned plates, two cups and saucers of the same ware, and a tin coffee-pot. A couple of empty packing-cases evidently took the place of wardrobes, and a smaller one, near a little cylinder stove, which sent out a red glow from its open door, served as a table.

On this table were a green cloth, a large Rochester lamp and a pile of books. A camp-chair flanked it on one side, and on the other a very large young man in yellow pajamas, with a heavy face and a crop of dark hair, sat rocking sleepily, while a book rested unsteadily on his knee.

"Wake up, you!" said Vernon, catching up a pamphlet and throwing it at the drowsy one, who promptly straightened himself, while the book fell to the floor with a bang.

"I'm cold and I'm hungry—I thought you'd have the pot of coffee on for me."

"You thought wrong, then," said Waller grimly. "See here, you look out how you fool around—you nearly upset the lamp. What are you searching over there for?"

"Beer. Isn't there any?"

"Not unless you brought some. The only thing we have in the house are those bananas—you might as well eat 'em; they'll spoil if you don't."

"It's a winning invitation," said Vernon, hanging his overcoat and hat up on a nail.

"I don't care whether it's winning or not. What are you hungry for, anyway? Didn't you get any supper at the Harrisons'?"

"Two hours ago."

Waller yawned, and, picking up the book off the floor, with a sudden lengthening out of his long arm slapped it down on the table behind him, saying, "Well, I'm going to bed. I've been too dead tired all the evening to study. I don't know how I'll ever pass that Civil Service examination. I'll never get back where I was before the earthquake! I wish I'd never come on here at all. Of course, it was good of Carlsen to help us out by taking us on temporarily, but it's a beastly way of living at the best; I'll put my foot through those extract bottles some day, I know I shall."

Vernon regarded him with whimsical irritation as, having hung up his overcoat and hat, he began to remove his outer clothing, without any further investigation of the larder. "I never saw such a fellow as you are, Waller! When I'm happy you're in the sunshine column, all right; but when I'm down in the mouth hanged if I don't always have to yank you out of the depths. It isn't fair!"

"Look out, there!" cried Waller in a voice like a pistol-shot. He sprang forward on the instant to pick up the coat, which, thrown at a box, had missed it and fallen to the floor. He held it up with one hand while he brushed it off reverently with the other.

"I'll stand any jawing you like, but I'm not going to have any funny business with these clothes."

"You're right about that," said the other meekly. He relapsed into the camp-chair and sat there with his hands clasped across his knees, staring moodily before him. "But I wish you'd take care yourself. It looks as if one of those seams across the back were giving way—your shoulders are getting too broad. You've got to let up on those exercises. It's no joke having only the one dress suit between us. See here, Waller, I want to ask a favor of you; I know what a good sort you are, really. Will you let me wear those togs to-morrow night at the Club dance?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it's my turn to wear 'em—and any other reason you please. You had your show to-night, and I have mine to-morrow. It was in the bond when we bought them."

"But, Waller ——"

"I'm going to bed. You can open the window and turn out the light."

"But I've *got* to have that suit to-morrow! It's serious."

"You'll find out it is if you try to wear it!"

"Ah, be decent! There's a girl I've got to see, Waller; it's my last chance. She's going away the next day."

"Miss Valentine?"

"Yes."

"Are you in *love* with her?"

Vernon reddened—his touched consciousness rushed glibly into the usual denial:

"She's the last girl I'd ever think of in that way."

"Oh, if you've got as far as that——!" Waller's tone was sardonic. "I suppose you'll be carrying the engagement ring around in your pocket next—have it handy, in case ——! But you can make your mind easy—*I'm* going to see her to-morrow night."

"All right, I give you fair warning that, if you won't let me have the suit, I'll take it."

"I'd like to see you try it! Hallo!—what did you turn out that light for then? What the deuce ——"

"You said you wanted it out, didn't you?" said Vernon with sudden savagery. He felt himself becoming furiously angry. "Well, it *is* out—and if you speak again, by Heaven, I'll break your head!"

Long after Waller's breathing proclaimed him asleep, Vernon lay on his narrow cot, wide awake, with a singular mixture of sensations pervading him, through which only one formulated itself clearly—he must, by hook or crook, get to the ball to-morrow night. It was impossible to have Kitty Valentine leave this side of the world thinking that he did not want to see her. How was it possible that he had let her leave him this evening under that impression? He hadn't realized that his chance was passing until it was gone. *Was* he in love with Kitty? He did not know; he hadn't had time yet to think about it, he only knew that she must not go away under a mistake—the idea was unbearable.

Was there ever such cursed obstinacy as Waller's! He was one of those tiresome people who stand on their rights, regardless of whether they want the rights or not. Waller had also, toward his friend, a little of the immemorial attitude of the elder brother, who considers any deprivation rather beneficial to the younger, as teaching him something he wouldn't learn otherwise. In this case Vernon must learn that if he made a compact he had, in honor, to abide by it. The two men were bound together, if not by real warmth of affection, by the ties of college acquaintance, a cheerful poverty under a similarity of aim, and Carlsen's good offices—even when one is waiting, like Vernon, on a position with an electrical company, one must still live.

Both Vernon and Waller had good introductions, and, perhaps, they indulged more earnestly in social life because of other restrictions. There had been a sense of joyous masquerading in those restrictions, as of something temporary, and known only to themselves, soon to come to an end—even this habit of a gentleman, shared with Waller, with its padded shoulders fitted perforce to the broader man, had seemed only a part of the joke—until now. It was a strangely disquieting thought that permanent restrictions could grow out of these temporary ones; Kitty Valentine—— It was true what he had said to-night in the face of her going away, that he had thought it "had just begun."

What had just begun? It seemed now as if, in the half-dozen times he had met her, there had been some immense waste of opportunity. After the fashion of mankind he had talked and danced much oftener with other girls, while secretly admiring her the most; this very evening he had let a couple of hours go by without seeking her. The attraction she had for him was strong enough to make him a little conscious; he deferred instinctively in giving way to it. He liked to watch her, taking secret note of her dark, loosely-waving hair, the poise of her head, her small, oval face, the warm red of her lips, the changing color of her speaking eyes, and the little white chin which she had a habit of propping delicately with one hand. There were other girls more beautiful than Kitty Valentine, but none who had such beautiful, exquisitely-shod little feet. Her dress always conformed to her small person, with an effect of compact, yet rich, simplicity—nothing ever floated or tagged out from it; it seemed to give point to the repose of manner, that youthful womanliness which Vernon found indescribably endearing. She was inexperienced, but she had a mind; her utterances, even when they were light, were those of one who had a thought back of them—she knew what she meant. This last evening—Vernon's heart swelled when he thought of her words and her look of sweet deference. He was a modest fellow who fled from praise for heroic actions, yet it is heart-warming sometimes to be recognized for what we are—he felt that she had spoken to that high quality in him which no one here cared whether he had or not; he was simply a presentable youth, useful for social purposes, with good looks, a rather distinguished bearing, and a somewhat shy, yet winning, personality; and, at other times, one of many penniless grubbers in the under world. Penniless indeed! He glowered disgustedly through the darkness at the dim shapes of the packing-boxes, and the mound that was Waller's hunched-up sleeping figure. He had known that he was not in a position to make love to any girl—least of all one so shiningly well fortuned as Kitty Valentine. But he was going to see her at the dance before she went!

He slipped out of bed and felt noiselessly around for the precious dress suit, folded it and put it under the mattress on his bed. Then he slept.

And Then, When He had Given Up All Hope, She Came!

II

THERE were no words wasted between Vernon and Waller the next morning—the latter had a teasing, offensive manner before which the other bore himself with dignified loftiness. Usually Waller was dressed and off before Vernon rose, but to-day they went out to breakfast together, and came back step for step. All during the morning's work, whether he was taking inventories of lots, or getting the orders off, or even marking cases, Vernon kept his eye on Waller's movements, feeling also that Waller's eye was on him.

It would be impossible to carry the clothes out through the place without Waller's "getting on" to it, but he had evolved a plan which promised to be easily successful—it *must* be successful, for it was fatally sure that it had to be that suit or no other—no dress coat or trousers for ready sale or hire ever came near the proportions of his height, his arms and legs; if this had not been the dire fact as regarded both men they would never have owned this garb between them. He meant, some time in the afternoon, to pack the suit into a valise, and lower it out of the back window to the narrow paved court below. The early darkness would cover it there, and he could easily carry it off later unseen through the passageway, taking advantage of the Morpeths' standing invitation to dine and dress at their house.

The plan was excellent; there was only one bar to its execution—when Vernon, before lunchtime, went into the back room and looked beneath his mattress for the reassurance of possession, the suit was no longer there. With flushed face and clawing fingers he searched behind the cots, around the boxes, among other clothing—he looked frantically out of the window down into the courtyard below—the suit was not there. While he had been leisurely planning it had vanished completely—Waller's face of half an hour before came to him, looking across a packing-case that was going down on the elevator. Vernon had the instant conviction that the suit had been on that elevator, whither going he had no means of discovering; when he went out into the office again Waller was no longer there, either; nor did he appear after luncheon. When Vernon inquired he was told that Mr. Waller had asked permission to go off for the rest of the day.

Vernon was usually a cheerful fellow, with a pleasant word for those who worked with him, but this afternoon he spoke to no one. The lines of his face were drawn; his

head felt heavy and burning; his only coherent thought was a wild desire to get at Waller and choke the life out of him—Waller, who would see Kitty Valentine to-night. Mixed with the physical sickness of his anger was a dull confusion, a heavy inertness of the brain, as if all the joy of youth had come to an end in this fantastic, unnecessary denial. Why hadn't he known before that he was going to care like this for her? Oh, he *had* known, but, fool that he was, he would not listen to the voice that had told him! He had left his opportunity until too late—until too late.

It was still with that feeling only of sullen submission to a leaden fate that he found himself, late in the day, sent on an unexpected errand across the river—there was a bill to be collected, yet with discretion. Not until he was on the return trip, after an interview that was not successful and yet not unsuccessful, according to the fashion of matters that *must* end on the spot and yet do not end there—it was not until the return trip on the ferryboat that that influence of the outer air, which no roof can cover, began to tell upon him. It was bitter cold; the red sunset across the bay did not warm the heavy snowclouds above it, but the mere physical resistance to the elements seemed to take away a little from that unbearable pain at his heart. As he stood by the outer rail, braced for the sharp wind, which was driving the boat with the tide far out of her course, he found himself gradually aware of the presence of two men beside him; scraps of their conversation came intermittently to his ear. One of them was a large, smooth-faced man of the machine-politician type, with a thick, coarse voice. The other, shorter and much slighter, riveted Vernon's attention after the first glance. He was scrupulously dressed, in contrast to the rough business attire of the other—his frock coat and light trousers showed beneath the fur-collared overcoat. There was a flower in his buttonhole, and he wore a high hat and immaculate gloves. His face was thin and dark; he had a pointed black beard, and black eyes of sombre depth. The two men were talking of a notorious case which was being tried in court—a woman's fate hung in the balance. The man with whom she was dining alone had met his death from a pistol held in her hand, whether by accident or design was the mooted point.

"If a chap is taken unaware like that ——" the larger man was saying, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, he deserved what he got, anyway," said the other tersely. He broke off with a gesture of disgust that seemed to put away the whole matter and everything akin to it, including the man who had spoken. He pulled out his watch and looked at it anxiously.

"We'll be late getting in, I'm afraid."

"You're going over for ——"

Vernon lost the name.

"Yes—and it looks more like storming every moment now. I'll get a carriage for her."

"To go *that* little distance!"

The younger man turned on him fiercely.

"*If you think I'd let her* touch her foot to the ground ——" There was a very passion of reverence in his tone; he stopped suddenly and turned away again, this time with an odd effect, as he leaned on the rail, of putting the whole world behind him that he might be alone with the thought of the woman that he loved.

The old story of the traveler who apparently lived a lifetime while gazing into a drop of water held out to him for an instant by a magician has its actual prototype in those strange, momentary impressions which sometimes come to us regarding some person totally unknown—penetrative flashes, in which not only the character but the past history seem to stand vividly and extraordinarily revealed. Many of us can reproduce at will the unforgetable face of some stranger, still instinct with meaning, though seen, it may be, years ago. Vernon received an overwhelming impression of the man beside him as one filled with an agony of loathing for the life that had been his and all that appertained to it, as beheld by the light of a passionate and adoring love for some white-souled girl whom his stricken fancy endowed with angelic attributes. His sombre eyes as they gazed before him seemed to see her alone, as if he had in truth withdrawn apart to where she was. A sense of the mightiness of love, and of its high transforming power, brought the moisture to Vernon's eyes, a quick stricture of the heart, that yet made the veins swell.

Love—like this stranger's—was not meant to be a straw, easily blown away, but a mighty weapon in the hands of a man who was strong enough to wield it.

What sort of a man had he been to-day? Suppose—and it might be!—that all these hours had been binding Kitty's heart to him as his to her? Suppose (and it might be so!) that even now—for she could not go to him—she was waiting and longing for him to come to her, as a man had the right to come? He laughed, unconsciously, for pure joy. He had thought the knowledge of his own heart had come too late. Too late! To-morrow would be too late, indeed—but to-day—what there was left of it was still his. She was within reach, he had the use of his senses, he could move, walk, speak. What if he did not even know where she was stopping to-night, or where

(Continued on Page 34)

THE NAGGING WOMAN

A Product of Disease and a Wrecker of Happiness

"One Fateful Day the Mother-in-Law Arrived"

By William Lee Howard, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A NAGGING woman has sent more than one good man to the dogs. She has indirectly supported saloons—she has kept the divorce courts busy.

In some cases she needs the help of the understanding physician; in many others, the ducking-stool.

A woman who is a termagant is impossible. If she has children they will be taught in their age of plasticity to scorn their father, to side with the mother in all her little irritating methods; to harass their protector by helping the mother "clean up" his study, and when he reaches home at night to inform him that "Mamma is all tired out cleaning up the muss he and Mr. Dusenbury made in the library last night."

This species of woman considers itself emancipated. Most women who think they are emancipated are really bigots in unessential matters. A woman of this class turns the Wise Man's saying: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power and he shall have dominion over thee," to the wall. On the reverse side she has had printed: "A woman shall compass a man."

The nagger is a woman who thinks she possesses masculine independence. She would sit in the public highways and lift up her pseudo-virile voice, proclaiming her sole right to decide questions of war, religion, or man's place in the household. She is continually at war with herself; but nothing on earth can convince her of this fact.

The nagging woman is the product of ancestral suppression. Every movement or idea not in complete accordance with her distortion causes a wrangling, disputative attitude and false accusations. Under these conditions a man's home is a hall of discordant jangles, of jars and dyspepsia; of sleepless nights and worried days.

Such conditions soon result in a true nervous strain which ultimately affects the man. He becomes a changed individual; loses the power of concentration, interest and hope. Yet the nagging woman only sees in his nervousness further cause for complaint, and his end is often in ruinous habits, divorce or suicide. From my experience I have found that most of these nagging women come of the old stock whose good intentions were sidetracked on the road to the city of Constant Remorse.

The physician sees much of the home, of internal domestic strife, and knows that all heroes do not die on the battlefield nor all martyrs perish at the stake.

"Jones is drinking too much," said one of his friends to me. "I can't understand it. He's at the club most of the time, now. He has a good wife; she does not gad about—they say she is a perfect housekeeper."

"Well, so she is; from her viewpoint—that is the whole trouble.

"Jones would like to stay at home, but he has literally been driven from it. She did not intend to put him out. He has tried to change matters; it is useless, impossible.

"Jones' wife is a woman who goes around the house with dustpan and cloth seeking whom she may disturb. Don't blame Jones: pity him; and many others in his position. I know all about his domestic turmoils—Listen:

"Jones left his country village and went out into the world. He left behind a little sweetheart, the daughter of a rigid New England mother and a church deacon. The daughter was environed from birth by narrow-minded, bigoted women. All knowledge of men and the world was anathema in that circle. She who could keep the cleanest house, preserve one or two rooms from air and light, prevent any of 'the men-folks' from smoking except in the woodshed, was the admiration of all.

"Jones made a success in the city, and after twelve years returned to bring back his boyhood sweetheart.

"Of course, here was the mistake. She had reached thirty years of age. For her, the period of plasticity had passed, and she was like a building of reënforced concrete: impervious to outside or inside influences.

"His ideas had broadened; his friends were men of the world. Jones himself had shaken off the shackles of puritanical training.

"He was a good man; a Christian in spirit, a model of marital morality, but no prude. He expected that his wife would also broaden in her ideas and take her place in his new home.

"For a while affairs ran smoothly; he attributed her inability to make friends among his set to her natural diffidence.

"One by one his friends ceased to drop in to dinner, offering all manner of trivial excuses. All this hurt Jones, and he tried to persuade his wife to be a little more congenial, but it only ended in her nagging him about the dirt his guests made around the house and pointing out spots where poor Jones could not have seen dirt with a microscope.

"One fateful day the mother-in-law arrived with two of her village set. They poked their noses into corners, then passed their fingers over Jones' table and desk and held them up in scorn as they pointed to the dust.

"'An' your mother is *such* a good housekeeper, too,' they said to the wife. 'An' you keep the parlor always open? How shiftless!'

"So it went on all day while Jones innocently toiled downtown at his office."

"But I should call this mother-in-law work, Doctor."

"No, not exactly, for the nagging instinct, the ethical void, the training, were all there to make Jones' wife one of those women that a stone idol could not live with. The mother simply fanned the flame, that's all.

"That night at his home, when he went to his desk, not a paper or document, that when he left he could have found in the dark, was to be seen. Cleared, cleaned and all 'nicely' stacked away in a dark closet."

"Jones Left Behind Him a Little Sweetheart"

"I think I understand, Doctor," remarked my friend with a scowl that was not misleading. "Poor Jones did not enjoy his dinner that night, I bet."

"No, he was much upset, for his house-cleaning wife had so mixed up important papers that he spent all the night trying to get them straightened out. He came to my office the next morning. He showed the effects of the nagging. As near as I can recall, his home greeting was: 'It's awful, the way you leave your dirty things around. Are you trying to kill me? That's just what you are doing; you don't care!'

"Later in the evening a friend called. He has never called again. The obsessed housekeeper, after dusting several times imaginary cigar-ashes from the table, swished out of the room and sight.

"That night Jones tried to sleep, but the nagging woman kept at him. She scolded and harried him about his actions, about bringing men home, about—well, about everything—kept it up until daylight. In the morning the first greeting he got were the familiar words: 'You've tired me all out by your scoldings—I don't know what you're trying to do to me. Now, don't put your hands on that white paint—can't you take hold of the knob?'

"As time went on Jones dreaded to go home. He ceased to ask his friends to dinner—they might spill a drop on the tablecloth.

"She nagged him about bringing guests home without giving her several days' notice. 'You keep the house so dirty I should think you would be ashamed to bring any one here. I can't stand it; I won't stand it—so there!'

"All this nagging in spite of the place being full of servants—that is, when Jones can persuade them to stay.

"She is always complaining about the servant question—that they won't stay when they have a good home. If Jones ran that house there would be no servant question. It is the horde of nagging women that has much to do with this domestic problem—we, who see much of these irritating housekeepers, know it.

"This nagging state is a sort of psychic St. Vitus' dance. The victims must be finding fault with some one; if the husband is fortunate enough to keep away, then the effect must fall upon others in the house.

"Of course, Jones could not understand why he was being so constantly hounded, but he did understand that his life was in danger of being wrecked on the rocks of domestic upheavals. I tried to send his wife away, to have her go on a long trip; but she wouldn't budge. 'Why! the house would look like a fright,' was her excuse.

"Well, something had to be done, as the man was in a depressed state. So he went to the club for his meals. He used to stay there until late in the night hoping that when he got home his wife would be asleep. Not much; she would not lose a chance to let go her tongue—it was as necessary to her as a glass of whisky is to a dipsomaniac.

"Upon his return late at night she would appear in her wrapper to tell him not to open *that* door; to close the register; not to put his feet again on that chair—'I spent all the morning cleaning it until my back aches. That's all you care! I never saw such an ungrateful brute. You don't care if I work myself to death cleaning up after you. You've driven Mary away, too—she left this afternoon. You're mean—just mean; that's all!'

"Jones slammed his coat upon the floor, tossed his trousers across the room, swore a little under his breath, and then anxiously waited for the morning to make his escape.

"After his man had served breakfast he gave notice, simply saying that he 'could not please Madame.' When Jones remonstrated with Mrs. Jones she replied that 'the butler was too shiftless; that he brought dirt in on his shoes' and insisted 'upon using the silver and best china. Look at the spots on it now! Oh! this is awful—you don't care!'"

"Are there many such cases, Doctor?"

"Unfortunately, yes. If you knew the reasons for so many men getting away, of breakdowns, of failures, you would find that the shove that put them over the brink was given by a nagging woman. A little kindly grasp instead of a shove would have brought many a man back to health and happiness."

Is it a disease with these women?

A psychic disease; yes—a form of hysteria; the result of wrong training built up on unstable nervous organizations. These women have imaginary happenings to scold about, and conjure up grievances to excite their vocabulary and get psychic excitement in disturbing the peace of others. They take delight in giving daggerlike thrusts by words and facial expression—they are modern Lucretia Borgias.

In these nagging women marital duties are secondary to what they consider their own rights. They are ever on the go, poking here, pecking there, and restless until they can find some individual in the household to find fault with for not doing just as they wished—the reasonableness of the matter is not once considered. They are blind to their own faults, argus-eyed to others'. Such women are unable to adapt themselves to new conditions. They soon exhaust their unstable nervous systems and shrink to mere things of dustpans, brooms and vocative automatons. They are totally unable to appreciate the rights of others. In flat or mansion, husband and servants soon learn to dread the morning and its concomitant nagging. Give one of these women a gentle horse to drive and see how, by nagging with reins, whip and tongue, she is happy in worrying the poor beast. What does the horse finally do? Bolts—takes the bit in his teeth and flees. Selah!

"That Night Jones Tried to Sleep"

But is it only in the married woman that we find this disturbance?

By no means; only in the unmarried the explosion takes a somewhat different form. They all have, however, one basic attribute—they are incorrigibly defective in ethics. They take personal gratification in the constant disturbance of the peace of others.

If these characters were carefully watched when they were young girls it would be noticed that they demonstrated unexplainable irritation at small matters, harbored envious feelings, and were at odds with their families and environments. Those of this class who do not marry take up some form of fad and never become mentally quiet; never enjoy complete psychical relaxation. They are psychically blind to the causes that produce this mental unrest.

Their passion for domineering is expressed in church work, political clubs, temperance associations, or any avocation that offers notoriety and produces a sense of accomplishing some pseudo-manly duty.

One day I was called to see a man down with a bad cold. He had built a house in the suburbs, and every living-room had a large open fireplace. As I passed through the hall it was chilling in its effect, and looking into the dining-room I saw his wife sitting at the table with wraps about her.

The husband, the owner of the house, had been obliged to eat his breakfast in the cold, damp room.

"Get a fire here, at once—in this bedroom," I ordered. There was a large fireplace there which had never been used.

"Don't, don't insist upon *that*, Doctor. She'll have a fit. My wife is not well, for the mere mention of building a

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The Children are Taught to Scorn Their Father

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"A Miracle in Wheat"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and many newspapers throughout the country have recently printed articles about a wonderful new wheat which one Adams is said to be raising on his farm in Idaho. If the claims for this wheat were true it would revolutionize farming the world over, but, so far as further investigation has brought out, they are not true. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST dispatched a thoroughly reliable man to Idaho to examine the wheat on the ground, and his wired report, which follows, pretty thoroughly disposes of this agricultural marvel:

"Assertions of huge crops or good flourmaking quality not justified. Adams' only claim of proportion of two hundred bushels an acre is with an eighth of an acre patch two years ago. For last year admits farm average only thirty bushels. So far this year only twenty-five to thirty-five an acre. Offers excuses such as weeds and undersowing. Not true that wheat has been successfully grown elsewhere. Misleading to say frostproof, for admits some injury by snow. Flourmaking qualities unknown. Adams was given experiment station analysis last year and told with it that milling test was necessary to show the quality with certainty. Has not had the test. The wheat in appearance is much like certain large, coarse wheats not valuable for flour."

Why Not be Prosperous?

"PROSPERITY boomers" are sternly rebuked by economic authorities. You cannot make trade more active, say the latter, by insisting that it might as well be more active; greater activity cannot be artificially induced; it must come about in a natural way. Which overlooks the cardinal point that depression, not great activity, is the artificially induced and unnatural state.

The Geological Survey, not long ago, published its report of coal production last year. The output in the United States was 480 million short tons. This is sixty per cent. more than Great Britain produced. England exports much coal; our exports run about three per cent. of production. It is more than double Germany's output. It is, indeed, about forty per cent. of the coal production of the world. Coal means steam; steam and iron mean industry. Our superiority in iron—thanks partly to immense and convenient supplies of ore—is about as great as in coal.

Many items besides coal and iron might be mentioned; many will occur to every reader. Why not dig the coal, make the iron and do all the business we like? The United States enjoying a period of trade depression looks like a man with a house full of corn, oil, wine and honey, who sits tearfully down to munch a ham sandwich because his banker spoke unkindly to him. Depression is the unreasonable state.

Making Water Pay

A COUPLE of billion dollars would be a very modest estimate of what the Great Lakes are worth to the country as commercial highways. The freight service registered at St. Mary's Falls canals alone amounts to more than a fifth of the freight service on the railroads, and the cost to shippers is but little over one-tenth the rail cost. If the goods carried by the boats that passed through the canals last year had been carried by rail at the average charge, the freight bills would have been nearly three hundred million dollars more.

No doubt the Lakes-to-Gulf convention which will meet in Chicago in October will accomplish a good step toward another inland waterway, second in importance only to the Great Lakes themselves. That it will be second at a considerable distance is nothing against it. So far, the scheme seems physically feasible; the great consideration is cost. The real question, however, is not what it will cost, but whether it will be a good investment. Within reasonable limits, the greater the cost, the better the investment may be. Every billion ton-miles of freight carried at a tenth the rail cost means a saving that runs into millions of dollars, or a stimulus to commerce that might be expressed in about the same figure.

Marriage, High and Low

AN OPINION that there is something wrong with matrimony at the top of society has often been expressed. The latest notable diagnosis, in Mr. Herrick's capital novel Together, does not substantially disagree with what other observers have said. The women, it seems, have nothing to do—whence proceed society competition, bridge whist, nervous prostration, high-balls, indigestion, vapors, monkey dinners, search for soul-mates, and other excrescences not conducive to conjugal felicity.

That there is something wrong with matrimony at the bottom of society is suggested by the number of wife-desertions this summer in the great industrial centres. Complaints, it is said, have been shockingly numerous. Here, also, the chief proximate cause is lack of work; but it is the husbands, not the wives, who have nothing to do.

Collective society, as usual, offers no remedy for the trouble of those at the top—leaving them to find a way out of it, or stew in it as they please. For the obverse marital defection of those at the bottom, collective society does make a certain provision—namely, three months to a year in jail for the wife-deserter. Where the proximate cause is really lack of work, the remedy, obviously, does nothing to correct it; and it seems to us, therefore, not wholly adequate. Wrongness is the chronic state of the top and the bottom. If, as reports say, a good many men have deserted wife and child because they couldn't support them and would rather run away than become objects of so-called charity, there seems to be some wrongness in the middle.

Frenzied Finance Again

IT WAS said of Jay Gould that his stock-market operations showed a net loss. That anybody ever made and kept a large fortune merely by speculating in stocks or grain is very doubtful. Because men of great fortune have incidentally played that game, a notion persists that the game is a source of fortune.

Building upon that erroneous notion, an ingenious Chicago firm, some twenty-five years ago, invited the public to combine and despoil the horrid System which then dominated the Board of Trade. Said the firm: "Armour and Hutchinson manipulate the wheat market at will because they have immense resources. But the resources of the public are even more immense. By combining, the public can easily outmanipulate the manipulators." The appeal proved attractive; thousands joined the blind pool, known as "Fund W"—which achieved a melancholy celebrity. That was all it achieved, however, except a few indictments.

Since then scores of other blind pools and get-rich-quick concerns have played upon the same notion. They have, and will, we believe, all come to the same finish.

Twisting the Truth

"THE election of —— and —— is essential to the welfare of the country; perfect organization is necessary to elect them; to secure perfect organization the national committee must be supplied with funds."

So says an appeal for campaign contributions. We omit the candidates' names because both parties appeal in substantially the same terms. To save the country, much money must be raised. As to how the money will be expended ——

"What the laborers of the land desire," observed Mr. Sherman, in accepting the Vice-Presidential nomination, "is the opportunity at all times to exchange their brain and brawn for good pay in good money. A protective tariff and the gold standard, both the achievements of the Republican party, give the laborers that opportunity."

About the same time, B. F. Yoacum, of the Rock-Island-Frisco system—than whom, perhaps, no one can speak on the subject with more authority—said that four hundred thousand railroad men were out of jobs or on short pay. How many hundred thousand workmen in other lines are receiving the same blessing, under Protection and a gold standard, we do not know; but Mr. Sherman knows, as we know, that the number is large.

One of the purposes, then, for which the Republican committee needs money is to convey to idle or half-pay workmen an earnest assurance that, thanks to the tariff, they are enjoying great prosperity. And the Democrats will use part of their money for ends equally noble.

Parties, no doubt, are necessary to a republican form of government; but as soon as a ticket is named the party becomes a grand conspiracy to take whatever liberties with the facts it judges essential to the success of the ticket.

Where the President Shines

MR. ROOSEVELT'S signal ability as a politician is well illustrated by his decision that Governor Hughes should be renominated. This ability has struck many experienced practitioners of politics with amazement and chagrin. Yet it is essentially simple, consisting merely of a clear appreciation that the people's interest in their own welfare is superior to their interest in any clique's graft.

The charge against Governor Hughes is that he has demoralized the party organization. That the people must rise to vindicate the organization when it has been demoralized by an injection of common honesty is a canon of one school of political science. Demoralization that proceeds from suppression of gambling, urging efficient administration, exercising some control over public utilities and the like is not, in the President's opinion, a state likely to move the public heart to pity and indignation. Appealing to voters to defeat a man because he defeated the organization's effort to balk their will seems to him dubious politics.

This confuses and saddens practitioners of an older school; but they have to acknowledge, in the light of results, that the President is a very able politician.

A Bad Example

THE disgrace to the capital of Illinois is one of the inconveniences of our "higher law." An idea that murder is a matter for individual judgment or inclination persists in the country to a degree rather disconcerting to civilized critics. The idea has found great encouragement in the administration of the law itself, and will prevail, no doubt, so long as it does find such encouragement.

While the Springfield mob was burning and killing, a gentlemanly ruffian in New York was calmly killing a man against whom he had a grievance. Neither that murder nor the bloody work at Springfield would have happened if the perpetrators, relying upon experience, had not felt confident of escaping with little or no punishment. Sympathetic or cowardly tolerance of murderous mobs has been rather the rule. Springfield's experience is a fruit of the rule.

A failure of the law there at this time will simply prepare a like experience for some other town. It devolves upon Springfield to say, for the time being, whether the fundamental article of our government is a mere figure of speech or a solid guaranty. If she punishes her murderers as she should, probably it will be a long time before mob-homicide is as lightly undertaken again in any Northern city.

An appreciation of this responsibility, not only to the city but to the whole country, evidently obtains; and preliminary steps to redeem the capital's reputation have been taken with commendable vigor.

The Law's Delays

TO PROVIDE an efficient legal armory against rebating vast effort has been expended over many years. It was generally supposed until recently that the object had been attained. But if no shipper can be punished for accepting an illegal rate unless it be positively proven that he knew the rate to be illegal, and if a great shipper can escape criminal liability by the simple device of having a sub-company do the rebating, the equipment of the law is still obviously defective.

The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the Standard Oil case raised grave doubts upon both these points. The opinion of that court is not conclusive. The judge who wrote the opinion, for example, held that the ninety-nine-year franchises of the Chicago street railroads were valid, but the Supreme Court swept them aside. The Government, at length, has petitioned for a rehearing of the Oil case, after which it may request, but cannot demand, a review by the Supreme Court. If the review be denied the Government must content itself with an inconclusive opinion; if it be granted, a year or so must elapse before it is finally known whether the law is well or ill armed to deal with rebating.

That it takes so long to find out, and that so many uncertainties of a merely technical sort beset the process, is an affliction that most able lawyers frankly acknowledge. That laws should be judicially reviewed before they go into effect was proposed in the convention that framed the Constitution. It was negatived then. If an equally open-minded body of men could be got to debate the subject now, probably the negative, as to certain classes of laws, would be reconsidered.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Kansas Kind

THERE is a town in Kansas called Medicine Lodge that once was famous as the home of Jerry Simpson, a statesman who wore no socks. Likewise, it has been famous for a time back as the home of Chester I. Long, a statesman thoroughly conventional in the matter of hosiery, but who has recently been divested of another article of wearing apparel, to wit: a very long and flowing toga.

The radical difference between Simpson and Long, sartorially speaking, is that Simpson wore no socks because it was his pleasure and his duty so not to do, and Long will relinquish his toga because a rude and determined person, named Bristow, has snatched it from him and left him shivering, togaless, in the unsympathetic breezes of the Lodge, which is bad Medicine from the Long viewpoint.

Kansas is a peculiar State in its Senatorial likes. It sent Peffer because the people liked his fantastic facial foliage. It deposited Burton in Washington there to remain until the United States deposited him in jail. It laid in Curtis, a Kaw Indian, be-Kaw-se—Help!—Help! —this is no paragraph from Punch—well—just because.

And now it has enthusiastically crossed its fingers on Long, the able little aid of the President, the fair-haired boy at the White House, the man who stood like a rock for all the desires, demands and deliveries of Colonel Roosevelt, than whom none was more fervent in padging up to get orders and none more scrupulous in carrying out the same. It seems a shame, or an outrage, or something. It must be something. Long larruped! Mercy! Is no one safe?

The person who perpetrated this indignity on the assiduous Long, aided and abetted by the free and untrameled folks of Kansas, is none other than our old and elongated friend, of Salina, Joseph L. Bristow, whose personal style of architecture resembles that of a dollar-and-a-half jointed fishpole, but who, on close examination, is always found to be furnished with one of those thirty-dollar, German-silver Kentucky reels, making the outfit efficacious, in a manner of speaking, when there are any fish to be caught. Not that Long is a fish, to be sure, but that he was caught.

All of which leads to the illuminating thought that, when you put a person in a political sarcophagus, it is well to make sure the door is locked and sealed. Otherwise there might be an escape. That is what happened in the case of Bristow, neatly sarcophagused by Long and his friends some years ago, but at present pervading the plains of Kansas just as lively and alive as if the cerements had not been wrapped about him. Unmindful of the rules of the game, Bristow refused to stay politically dead and niftily buried. He came out and danced a jig on the lid of the coffin. Likewise, he danced a jig on Chester I. Long, and when any man with legs two yards in length and feet in perfect proportion does a thing like that the operation is bound to hurt the dancee some.

Bristow began breathing the upper altitudes of Washington in President McKinley's first term. Before that he had been the editor of a daily paper at Salina. Somebody picked him out and President McKinley made him Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. Among his duties was the appointment and removal of fourth-class postmasters, of whom there are not many less than a hundred thousand in the country. Bristow appointed and removed, but from time to time there came subdued wails from Senators and Representatives that he had a queer obsession that induced him to select men for their fitness for the places, from time to time, instead of for their politics.

This was revolutionary. It was incendiary; but when the complaints went to the White House, President McKinley usually smiled a queer little smile and said he had great faith in Bristow.

Cleaning Up the Cuban Post-Office

AFTER a while it dawned on the people interested that this lofty Kansan had ideas of his own about the public service, and that those ideas emerged a bit above the generally accepted theory of reward for endeavor at the polls. The fact was that Bristow is a straightforward, conscientious, hard-headed citizen, incurably infected with the absurd notion that he was in the office to serve the people.

Presently, the post-office scandals broke out in Cuba, during the American occupation following the war. President McKinley needed a man to investigate. He sent Bristow, with instructions to spare nobody, but to get at the truth. That was pie for Bristow, thick, juicy apple pie with ice cream on top. He went to Cuba, and he spared nobody, not a single, solitary spare spared he. He ripped that post-office organization apart to see what made it tick, took out all the wheels and springs, and put them under the glass; and when he came back he made a report that caused a large number of influential friends of the persons concerned in Cuba to depart hastily for the high grass, weeping bitterly as they left over the ingratitude of a man who had been so signally honored by being lifted from a humble editorial chair in Salina to the office of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.

Time passed. Just as we had ceased to exclaim over the iniquities of our post-office officials in Cuba we pulled off a bunch of post-office iniquities at home that made us exclaim again, this time with the loud pedal on. Bristow sat in on those, too. He sifted that department from top to bottom, and when he had finished his sifting process, and the lawyers were through, we had another choice collection of officials down at Moundsville, doing time.

All visitors to the office of the Fourth Assistant had discovered long before that that Bristow is about as pliable as a steel rail. He would not bend and it seemed impossible to break him. Still, politicians have little ways of their own to deal with such conditions, based on the indisputable fact that constant dropping wears the rock away. They kept constantly dropping on Bristow, and finally they dropped him. It would take too long to tell how they dropped him, but they did. Prominent in the dropping circle was the Honorable Chester I. Long, formerly Representative, but come to be Senator, aided in his erosive manœuvres by the organization in Kansas—the Republican organization.

One day the newspapers contained a letter from Bristow, addressed to the President, in which Bristow said he had been a long time in office, he had grown weary of the cares and burdens of his position, he had tried to do the best he could, and he hereby tendered his resignation, to be accepted whenever the President saw fit. This was followed by a letter from the President to Bristow, giving him a nice send-off, recounting his many admirable qualities and his great services to the country, but accepting, with profound regret, the resignation. Then came a news paragraph saying that Mr. Bristow had been detailed by the President, or the Secretary of War, or somebody, to make an exhaustive study and report on trade conditions as applied to interoceanic canal transportation across Panama, with a thesis on freight rates and other similar economic problems, the same to be accomplished by Mr. Bristow at his leisure for a liberal compensation.

The Honorable Chester I. Long and others in Kansas rejoiced. They have no interoceanic canals in Kansas, and Bristow could go and report on differentials and preferentials on the Isthmus until he was black in the face, for all they cared. They had jimmied him out of the Post-office Department. That was the main thing. Mr. Bristow proceeded in a leisurely manner to Panama and wherever else his fancy led him, came back and wrote a book about various topics he discovered in the course of his wanderings.

He Refused to Stay Politically Dead and Niftily Buried

Then he went back to Kansas, sat in at his old desk in the Salina newspaper office, and began to write editorial articles on various topics, one topic being Honorable Chester I. Long.

He yearned for a broader field, however, and one day he inserted a few lines of leaded brevier to the general and illuminating effect that this is a free country, Kansas is a free State, and he thought, to prevent ennui and in the interest of discord, he would become a candidate for the seat in the United States Senate then occupied by the said Long. That was all there was to it. Long and his organization friends, reading the announcement, said: "Well, what do you know about *that?* Of all the nerve! Bristow! Ha! Ha!"

That about concludes this portion of the performance. The ha-ha's changed gradually to ho-ho's, and then to oh-oh's. Bristow made his campaign, and when the results of the primaries were totted up he had the hide of the Honorable Chester I. Long hanging in his sanctum at Salina, where, judging from the name of the town, there is sufficient salt to keep it in good condition for some time.

MORAL (for the general public): When you kill a man politically, be sure you kill him dead. These resurrections are trying on the nerves as well as most disastrous to the emoluments of office.

MORAL (for Mr. Long): Ha! Ha!

An All-Round Sporting Steed

FORMER Senator Dubois, of Idaho, tells a story of a man out in his country who sold a tenderfoot a worn-out bronco, telling the buyer the horse had, among other fine qualities, an unerring nose for birds, and could smell them and would point them like an expensive bird-dog.

The tenderfoot bought the bronco and rode out to try him. That afternoon he came back, greatly excited and very angry. He found the man who had sold him the horse, and exclaimed: "Here, you, you have cheated me! I rode this horse all day looking for birds, and he didn't flush one. Moreover, you said he was surefooted, but when I was fording a stream he stumbled and stuck his head under the water, throwing me into the stream."

"My dear sir," the horse-seller replied, "that merely emphasizes the good qualities of the horse. He is as good after fish as he is after birds."

Steam Pipes as Hosts

WHEN Commissioner Allen had charge of the Patent Office in Washington he was very punctilious about the respect due him and his position, and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day, as he was sitting at his desk, two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced, and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."

Their Logical Names

BANDMASTER SOUSA discovered one of his soloists, Franz Hell, in a wild state of excitement one morning.

"What's the matter, Franz?" he asked

"Why," exploded the musician, "I have just been reading in the paper that, if I, Franz Hell, have any children, I should name them Whatthe and Goto."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Former Senator Harris, of Kansas, is the leading shorthorn cattle expert of the West.

¶ Representative James T. McDermott, of Chicago, was a telegraph operator before he became a statesman.

¶ Paul D. Cravath, who is Thomas F. Ryan's lawyer, is taller and broader and thicker, physically, than any other lawyer in New York.

¶ When Judge Alton B. Parker went out to the Yellowstone Park this summer he wore a fine khaki suit, and the tourists thought he was a general in the army, at least.

¶ John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, had his hair cut as soon as he was defeated for renomination to Congress, which was a sadder shock to his friends than his defeat. Also, the hair was a shock.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FO

Save Workday Energies

Whatever your occupation you needlessly increase your effort and tax your eyes trying to keep track both of your work and your inkwell at the same time. If you are a bookkeeper, for example, considerable of your energy is expended in perpetually dipping your pen.

And why should you do it, just because you are accustomed to doing it?

No Matter What Your Work Is

you can use a Parker Fountain Pen to great advantage. If you use carbon paper, for instance, or whatever are the particular demands in your work, there is a Parker designed to meet your peculiar need, and your dealer will recommend the right one—There's a point for every purpose.

Use it as a Work-Tool, every day and all the time. Every office employé, business and professional man, student, school boy or girl, ***every*** person whose vocation involves the use of ink, ***ought*** to own a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, because it is a utility which lightens labor, and expedites work.

Only by ***using*** one can you come to realize its apt convenience; only by employing it in your daily work can you discover that a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen is a work-tool; only experience can conclusively show you that the shortcomings of fountain pens in general do not hold good with the Parker—that the Parker is different.

If this is not your idea it is because you don't know the Parker—don't know how the "Lucky Curve" puts the Parker in the work-tool class. You are judging the Parker by other fountain pens, perhaps the cheap ones of school days, or others which embrace the fountain pen idea, but which are impractical because they are mechanically faulty. They are not perfected by the Lucky Curve. But with the Lucky Curve Parker in your pocket, secured from loss by a **Cap Fast Clip,** you have a worthy, dependable work-tool, efficient in workday service, and devoid of the annoyances common with ordinary fountain pens.

TRY ON

Try Befor

This double-page advertisement for this on the work-saving value of one of my pens *b* Would I reasonably make such an or speculation, that Parker Lucky Curv own merit as non-leaking, non-blotting. And could I better protect you companion for a lifetime — that's going

Let the use be the pr any seller of Parker want to carry a Park for ten days and try

You run no risk, you see, of misspen not you, and I'm willing, beca shortcomings of common pens the all-round, workday utility of that has the

LUCKY

WHAT IS TH

it's a pa feature of Pa way duplicated the mechanical fe perfect and prac fountain pen the t pands the air in th the ink remaining the nozzle and m there to soil your fingers wh

But the Lucky Curve th Parker—drains the ink in th the ink reservoir. That's wh pen that inks the point, but n

Because of this Lucky Cur dinary fountain pens, doesn't conditions to work well. It *the* one *only fountain lations,* the pen that *alwa* feetly under *all* norma co and renders too service

Geo. S. Parker, Pres., PARKER PEN CO.

OUNTAIN PENS

E FREE

e You Buy

e issue is my $4200 invitation to you to prove
efore you buy it.
ffer unless I knew positively, beyond doubt
Fountain Pens sell themselves on their
clean and ready writers?
in finding the exactly suitable pen—the
to render service and satisfaction to ***you?***

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which have no Lucky Curve, and
the Parker, the only fountain pen
Lucky Curve

CURVE

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inflexibly demand ideal
makes the Parker
pen without limit-
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ditions

The Perfect Fountain Pen

Besides the Lucky Curve the Parker has another exclusive feature—the **Spearhead Ink Controller**—which still further widens the difference between the Parker and ordinary fountain pens. What the Governor is to the steam engine, the Spearhead Ink Controller is to the Parker. Sometimes in writing a jar causes an overflow of ink, which results, with common fountain pens, in smears and blots. But with the Parker, the Spearhead Ink Controller gathers the superfluous ink into tiny reservoirs, where it is tenaciously held until drawn back into the ink channel by the process of writing. With the Lucky Curve, the Spearhead Ink Controller and some other construction features, the Anti-break Cap, for example, you can see why the Parker is without the annoyances which other fountain pens have in common.

Go to Any Dealer
Get a Pen on Free Trial

You will probably see a copy of this advertisement in his window. Tell him what your work is, and he will recommend a pen particularly designed to do it. You can get it either standard or self-filling, from $1.50 up, in many designs, including the pen with ***"the cap with the colored crown"*** (design patent applied for) in one or more colors, or college colors. Then carry this pen in your pocket for ten days. ***Let the use be the proof.*** Take me at my word—***Try*** it ***before*** you buy it.

I ***must*** depend on the merit of the pen. It must sell ***itself*** by rendering service. ***And you're the judge.*** There's no sale until ***you*** are satisfied. Then, if you ***do*** buy a pen, there's the Parker ironclad year's guarantee.

Wouldn't you, if you absolutely, unmistakably knew of a fountain pen sure to give accurate, apt, unfailing service—wouldn't you desire it?

Then take advantage of this offer. Prove to yourself, ***without investing a cent,*** that you can do your every-day work better and easier with a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen. Visit a Parker dealer today. If your dealer doesn't handle Parker Pens, write to me, personally. Write anyway for carefully illustrated catalogue giving prices and showing many artistic designs. Write and visit your dealer ***today.***

To Dealers This is only one of several big advertisements of the greatest fountain pen advertising campaign ever inaugurated. If you do not handle Parker Pens and want to get the benefits write or wire for attractive proposition.

90 Mill St., JANESVILLE, WIS., U.S.A.

THE BUTLER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 5)

have allowed him to sleep in a cold six by twelve bed room on the top of the house and to have an evening out once in two weeks. When he asks you to go to the Coachman's Ball you act as if you thought he was an abandoned *rouey*. You have worked him from seven in the morning till twelve at night if necessary, and you don't know wot he has to eat or that the bed he sleeps on hasn't any springs and that the mattress is only two inches thick and is fourteen years old.

"Wot have you *done* for him? You have never given him a word of encouragement or offered to raise his wages and you have forgotten that he existed unless he wasn't around when you rang for him. If the tea-pot had finger marks on it, or his shoes weren't clean (because you had sent him out to post a letter), or the toast was cold, or the window shade was crooked you have taken his head off and frightened him into *delirium trimmins*. And now because he can better hisself and get sixty dollars in another place and be a full fledged butler you call him ungrateful. What does he owe you that he should sacrifice sixty dollars a year to stay and work for *you*? Wot do any of us owe you? It is enough to make me hot all over to hear the way some swell people talk as if it was a priceless privilege to wait on them.

"Why should Jones have any personal feeling for you? Have you got any for him? Would you hesitate to let him go if you didn't need him? Would you give him five dollars a month more rather than have him go? Let us talk sense and count the cards, as Lord Craven used to say.

"Jones takes a job as a servant with you because he can't do anything better. He is prepared to do a certain amount of work for a certain amount of money provided he gets it, which is not always, and the victuals and beds is not too bad. His hours is long and confining. He hasn't got such a lot of gray matter in his cerebellum or he wouldn't be working for two dollars a day—a carpenter gets four and a harf, and a bricklayer gets five—so you can't expect him to be a T. DeWitt Talmadge or a Chauncey M. Depew. Now, if you had a seamstress come in at a dollar and a harf a day you would be standing over her to see that you got your money's worth, or if you had a picture hanger at sixty cents an hour you would keep him busy or let him go when there was no more to be done. Now the chances are that no one never tells Jones just wot his work is or where it begins or where it leaves off. You don't know yourself whether he is supposed to dust the edge of the hard wood floor or the parlor maid. Jones knows that if he gives in to *her* she will end by making him do all her work, and for her part she isn't going to do any of the work he is paid to do. The end of it is that it isn't done at all and then there is trouble. But even if you lay out his work decent and in order, and don't give him so much no mortal man could do it and have any time to rest, do you ever see that he does it? Is there anything in the way of superintendence over him that amounts to anything? Why, you expect him to go like a clock that is wound up once a year, only the chances are you never wind him up at all. You treat him like a machine, but you never oil him or repair him or give him a thorough overhauling. But he isn't a machine, he is a human being. If you have horses or a motor you have the vet look them over every month or so and send the machine to be put into shape once in so often. But Jones will be cleaning brasses when he has water on the knee and you will never know it. I had a second man once that worked like a horse for five weeks while his teeth ached fit to kill him. One afternoon he asked permission to go out and the lady stared at him and said it was not his afternoon and scared him so he went back to work without saying a word. The next week he went and had four upper teeth took out at once.

"Now the next thing is the claim that servants have a hostile attitude and also a 'I'm-just-as-good-as-you-are manner,' which is another way of saying they're impertinent, but that is all a matter of how they have been treated. If you treat a servant like a human being he or she will treat you like one. No servant expects you to make a friend of him any more than the washman. It is not a matter of friendship but of business, although I may say that I have met a lot of servants who were more worth while as friends than most of Mrs. Carter's. You are buying something from them and they are selling something to you. Now if you went into a shop and snapped at the girl at the counter and acted as if she was dirt under your feet you could hardly expec her to fall on your neck. Or if you did not notice the elevator man in the morning or spoke to him rude he would probably forget to stop at your floor next time. If you treat your second-man as if he was a criminal just out of Sing Sing he will be very apt to lose interest in your comfort. You will get the same manners as you give. For in England and America a servant is a free man and his vote may be worth as much as yours, and while he does not care for you to make a companion of him he has as much right to being treated civil as the telephone girl or the drug clerk. I know some women who will spend a morning in a hospital for crippled children like an angel and come home and make their maid cry they speak so sharp to her. And that shows a lack of the sense of proportion. There are impudent servants but there are impudent clerks. If you keep them in your employ you have no one to blame but yourself."

Now of all the foolish ideas the most foolish and the one that makes a man lose all patience is the idea that servants must be stoopid and have no more sense than children. Why, it is enough to make you sick if it wasn't funny to hear Miss Harriet talk to one of the women servants. When she wants to be nice and get something out of one of them she talks to her as if she was a child in a Sunday-school class.

"How nice for you to be going to a party," she will say to Evelyn Raymond. "You may have my old white *muslin de soure*," she says. "Do you waltz or poker? I suppose you have some ice cream and cake for refreshments?"

And Evelyn will say,

"Yes, miss. Thank you, miss," and she will take the dress and send it to her little sister who is at the Fordham High School. And then she will tell me about it and laugh fit to kill, for Evelyn is the best fancy dancer off the stage in New York and goes to the swellest public balls and is always took in a cab and has the handsomest dresses you ever see. One is a Turkish costume with embroidery and red stockings and slippers, and another is a gipsy, and I know for a fac that there is two hotelmen on Broadway who want her to marry them, to say nothing of about a dozen lawyers' clerks, travelling men and a swell druggist. Her eating ice cream! My eye! Why Evelyn goes to all the biggest fancy balls in style, and so do most of the other girls, only they go in the cars. What makes her so high flying is the fac that she had a friend named Rachael Bellew who used to work with her and one day she took it into her head to go on the stage which she did with Edna May in the "School Girl" in the chorus. Well, the first thing anybody knew she was in a singing part by herself and all the rage, and it is a fac that she married one of the richest lords in all England and a friend of Lord Craven's, and what is more I *have waited on her at dinner at Craven Hall* when they was on a visit. But I never told Evelyn that for it would make her stuck up. But they do not correspond any more now.

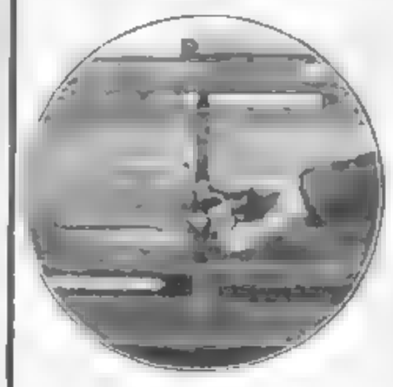
Now for the others there is the Scandinavian Ball, and the Austrian Peasants Ball, and the French Ball, and all kinds of social political organization balls and she has led the Grand March at the "Vesper" with Alderman Guinness and took the first prize—a gold jewelry case. And there is more champagne than at Mrs. Carter's *soirees*

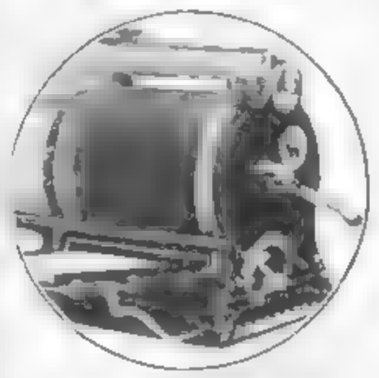
Miss Harriet talks to her as if all she could possibly do is to play old maid and read the "Bessy Books," whereas Evelyn belongs to two bridge clubs and reads all the latest trash. Just now she is on Bernard Shaw, which she says is too clever for anything, and that Mrs. Carter never heard of him or if she has she probably thinks he is Secretary of the Treasury. But of course very few servants are as smart or well educated or has as good a time as Evelyn.

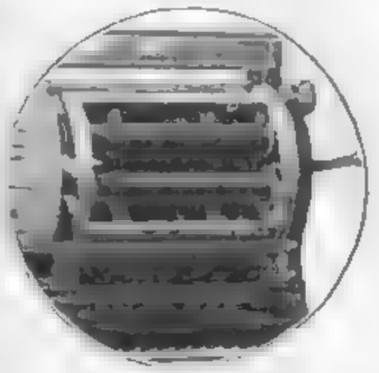
We read the papers and know as much of what is going on as anyone. In our kitchen for example we subscribe to some of the new magazines and all the month-old magazines come downstairs regular. There is a great deal of reading done, the only

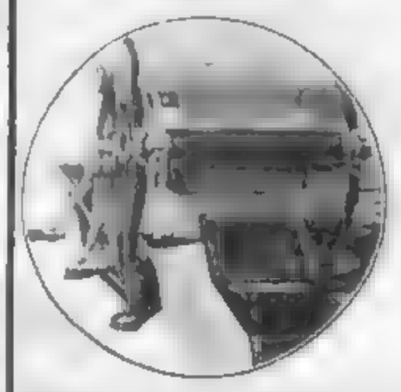
Some Features of the

Gammeter Multigraph









Automatic Composition and Distribution

One of the features of the Gammeter Multigraph is the greatly increased speed, simplicity, [illegible] and economy of operation in automatic composition by which the composition and [illegible] type is effected by the type being touched by the fingers. Any office boy or girl can readily operate this device with entire satisfaction.

Real Typewriter Ribbon for Letter Work

When real typewriting in multiple quantities is wanted on form letters, postal cards, etc., the printing drum is covered [illegible] equipment cannot, in any way, be distinguished from the work of a regular high [illegible] typewriter, and every copy is a perfect ribbon-printed original.

Ribbon Spools Inside Printing Drum

The typewriter ribbon runs on spools inside the printing drum. Illustration shows ribbon "stored" while printing upon [illegible] while type is being spaced or distributed. When printing with ribbon operated, one of the ribbon spools is driven [illegible] ribbon to the position shown by [illegible] operation. Ribbon travels and reverses automatically while in use.

Electrotype Printing of Forms, etc.

For regular office printing not requiring typewriting, electrotypes may be placed upon the printing drum, producing printing in any style of type and arrangement of rules, cuts, etc. These electros may be kept on hand and used from time to time as needed. For regular printing, the direct inking roll, shown in opposite illustration, is employed instead of the ribbon.

Let Us Send You Samples

[illegible] printed on the [illegible] Multigraph, [illegible] typewritten letter [illegible] only [illegible] your name, the name of your firm, and the position you occupy. We'll also send descriptive booklet or catalog.

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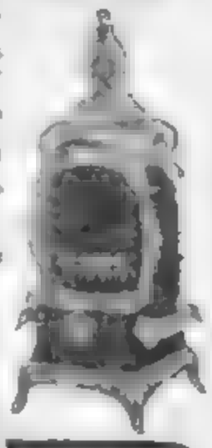
"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

YOU want to make every cent you spend this year, count for quality and economy. If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our factory prices.

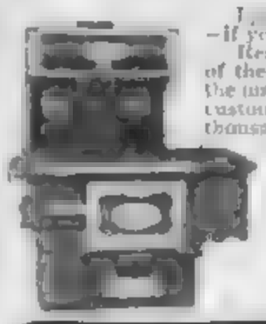
I promise you that I will save you $5, $6 or $10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as $18 $20 and even $30 on our largest. And I promise you that you cannot get anywhere at any price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and compare the Kalamazoo quality and prices, with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. That will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges?

We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices.



On 360 Days Approval Test— We Pay the Freight



[illegible] —if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturers—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this journal, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to your interest to get our prices?

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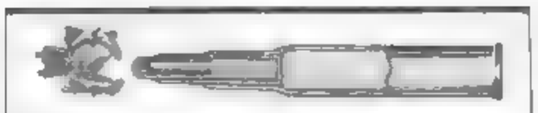

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Note the taste so different from others—and that smooth, melting quality of the chocolate which dissolves in the mouth, leaving only delightful fragrance behind—and its all nutritiousness—a real food. Buy of your nearest druggist or confectioner, or send us **one dollar** for a pound **box, prepaid.**

One sample box for 30c. in stamps, and your dealer's name.

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FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT

objection I have being that the novels which the girls bring down from upstairs is most of them improper and not fit to read. But they hide them and take them up to their rooms

Now that is as to ignorance, but the most annoying thing is the idea that the servants is not respectable. It is enough to make you boil.

Every time anyone wants to go out for an evening I can see that the housekeeper thinks that she is going to perdition. So does Mrs. Carter if she knows about it. Where do they think we go? Well, if an employer had the interest to find out he would discover that the only place most servants can go is to call on other servants at some other house, and that is poor fun, as may be imagined. For most of them cannot afford to go to the theatre and there are not so many dances as you would think. So if a girl goes out for an evening she will mostly go to see some other girl. Now she has either got to visit her in the laundry or the kitchen or go up to her room, which is generally dismal and too cold, so it ends off in the kitchen. She sits in her hat by the servants table while her friend gets her a cup of tea and a cookie or a piece of cake and they talk about the new dress she is having made for her out of the material her folks sent out to her from the old country. Well, the cook is there pottering round the stove and most of the other servants is either there or rushing in and out, and there is a lot of noise and so she goes home in harf an hour or so and that is the end of it.

Now, if she is lucky, one of her friends may invite her to the theatre, but as no one likes to go in a cheap way they go where they can get the best there is for their money—say to a vaudeville, instead of sitting in the gallery at a big theatre. Most of the girls I know go with other girls and take supper in some restaurant on Sixth Avenue and then take in the show. I suppose their superiors imagine they are indulging in all kinds of vice, but I know when I took Eliza to a vaudeville we went first to a lunch room and had coffee and scrambled eggs.

Most of the girls, contrary to popular belief, have no followers hanging round, because most of them would not marry if they could. You would be surprised at the horrer most servants have for matrimony, for most of them is country girls from Germany or England or Scandinavin, where they have lived in the open air and had plenty to eat and a good-sized farmhouse to live in. They could not stand living in a three-room flat in a tenement house with a lot of children and no fresh atmosphere, and they look down on any woman who is fool enough to do it. The cleverest girl I know is a Swede. She is a second parlor maid and her father is a stock farmer outside of Stockholm and is quite prosperous. She came over because she had heard such wonderful stories about America, and she has one brother who is an engineer and another who is mate on a ocean liner. She earns twenty-five a month and she would laugh in your face if you asked her to marry you. She is in service because she is wise enough to know that it is easy money and she gets a comfortable home thrown in. She has made a scientific study of it and spends all her money in taking night courses in massage, hairdressing and cooking. Now she has just one ambition in life and that is to lay by enough money sooner or later so as to be independent in her old age. That is a orful thing, isn't it! She is as pretty as can be and I have no doubt Mrs. Carter thinks she has a dozen men arfter her all the time, but Olga is only looking to earn her living and be independent. By and by she will hire a house maybe and take boarders. Well, she has no use for men and indeed she is too intelligent and good looking for most of the ones that come to the kitchen. I will wager a good deal that Mrs. Carter's mother was less of a lady than my aunt Jane at Wapping-on-Velly, and did not Lord Craven's great grandfather marry a dairymaid?

The surprising thing is that the girls are as nice and decent as they are, for if a girl wants to be honest when she is in service she has got to be ready to lose her situation any day for the sake of her soul. For if a man servant speaks to her as he ought not to and she cannot stop him and she tells her mistress, the man makes up a story a great deal worse and says that it was the girl and not he and that she is trying to lose him his place because he would not pay attention to her, just like Potiphar's wife. So all an

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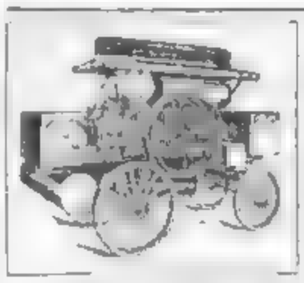

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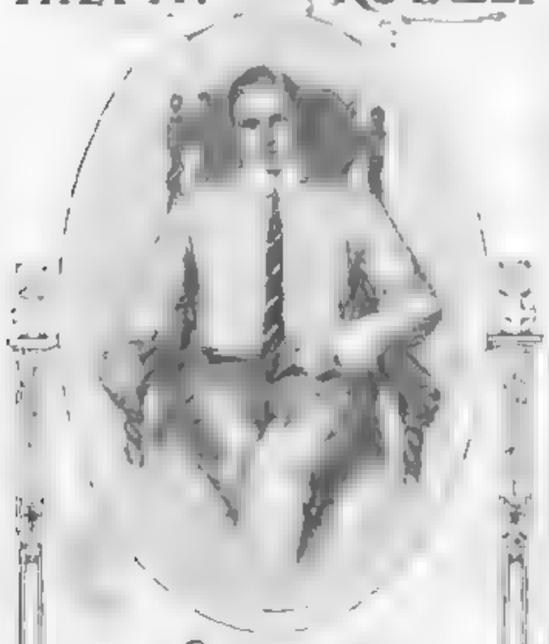

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honest girl can do is just to give notice and try her luck somewhere else.

A great deal of talk among people who employ servants is pure ignorance. One often hears a lady say at table,

"O, I dare say my servants behave awful, but I haven't time to bother with them. Their morals is their own concern so long as they keep them to themselves."

And I have frequent wanted to say,

"Excuse me, madam, but if you think there is less self respec below stairs than above you are very much mistaken, and as for morals you will find quite as many in your own kitchen as in your drawring room after dinner," which is true, for I have been in service twenty years and I never yet heard at the servants' table anything approaching the talk at a swell dinner which I have served not a few.

People in service are just like people anywhere else, and, if you think a minute, you will see that if a lot of strange ladies and gentlemen met in a railroad station and had to eat at the same table that they would have as good manners as they knew how and talk agreeable. Now where is the difference? The people in service are all on a journey through life to better themselves, and come and go and are always changing, and when they sit down to eat together they put their best feet forwards and talk like anybody else. Each one is different and some is hard-working and some is loafers, and some is intelligent and some is stoopid, and some is nice and some is not, but the ones that are not pretend to be, just like the people in society do, and each one wants to make the best impression he or she can, so that apart from the mixture of languages and the uncultivated manner of speech of many the servants' table is very much like the dinners at a boarding-house. In fact, there is much more religion in the kitchen than anywhere else, for although I regret to say it I have not met in society many people that, apart from giving away money, are religious. They have enough religion to scare them, but not enough to comfort them.

For who are the servants? Take our own house. There is Denis Darroq who is a high class Frenchman and a student, like myself, of literature. His assistants are serious, well educated, respectable married men. The kitchen maid is a Swedish girl who used to work on a farm and is very jolly and nice. Of my four second-men, one was a gardener who lost his health and has to work in the house and who is so religious (being Scotch) that he is a bore. One is a young fellow just married with a little baby. Another used to be with Mr. Amos' father before he failed, and the fourth is a nephew of my Aunt Jane on her husband's side from Wapping-on-Velly. The pantry maid is a veterinary's daughter who has to work that hard she goes to bed as soon as the dishes is cleaned up.

If I should go over the men and girls in our house and tell Mrs. Carter how hard they work and wot they do with their money she would not believe me, for there is James who sends twenty dollars every month to his old mother in Yorkshire, and Olga who puts hers in the bank to buy a annuity, and Eliza who helps take care of her grandmother and grandfather in the Senile Home, and Evelyn who is sending her sister to the High School and then to College, and Aunty Robinson who spends harf the money that Mr. Carter gives her on other people. And for that matter, as I have no father or mother and there is no one to look out for my Aunt Jane, I send a draft to Wapping-on-Velly regular every month and once in a while I give a little away. And it cost me forty-three dollars to get Eliza away from Mr. Tom, but if that is all it cost it is cheap enough.

And when we seem so stoopid and careless and indifferent (because we do not know how else to act) people should remember that arfter all there is not so much in life to make it merry and that most of us has only a dreary old age of poverty to look forward to without wife or husband or children and perhaps only the workhouse, and they should be careful how they assume that because people are in service they are immoral and unrespectable, when if they only knew they would find that all we are trying to do is to keep from becoming a charge upon our relatives and that the only pleasure we get is a little dancing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of chapters reported by Mr. Train from the diary of a butler in the employ of a wealthy New York family.

"It needs no painting"

Amatite ROOFING

IF you had a sample of Amatite in your hand you would see in an instant why it needs no painting or coating to keep it waterproof.

It has a rough surface of *real mineral matter* on the weather side. It is evident to anyone that it is no more necessary to paint such a surface than it is necessary to paint a stone wall. Stone needs no paint; neither does Amatite. It is strong enough in itself to bear the brunt of rain and wind and sun without a protective coat of paint.

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Amatite will last for many years without any care whatever. It is made to be *trouble proof* as well as *weather proof*.

A roofing that consists of smooth materials, made to receive a heavy coating of paint, is not a roofing at all—the paint is the real roof.

If you are told that certain roofings don't need painting when first laid, don't be deceived into thinking that they are like Amatite. The first coat of paint has been applied at the factory—that's all, and it will wear off in a little while and require renewal.

No paint is good enough to make a durable roof; a thick layer of pitch, faced with a real mineral surface, is far better—*and that means Amatite*

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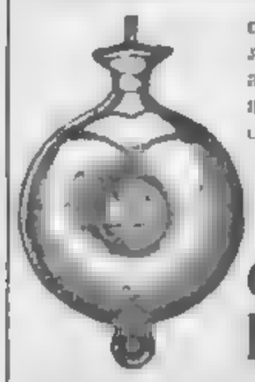

compared with *common sense* in buying and using a hot water bottle? For a few cents you can get one not fit to *lend your enemy*. With *common sense* you can get

Bailey's Good Samaritan Hot Water Bottle

that fits every part of the body, *soothes* instead of *irritates*, soft as a pillow to lie on, best quality of red rubber, *cloth lined*, and warranted for a year.

By buttoning the two ends together see what a **perfect heater** it makes for the feet what a perfect form for **throat troubles** or to stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical **Hot Water Bottle** ever made

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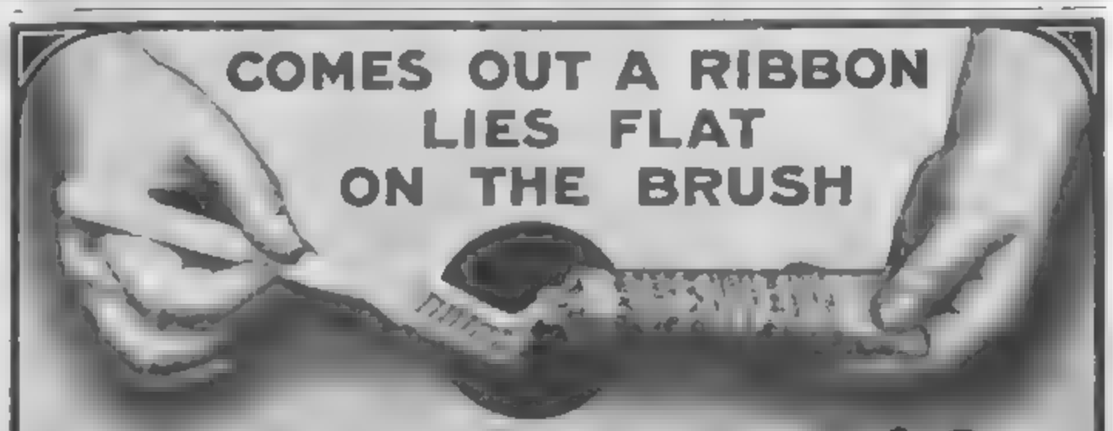

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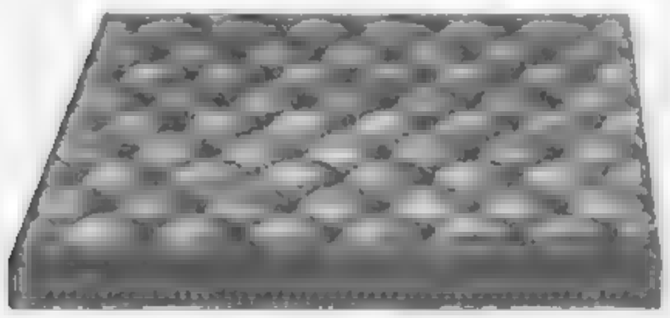

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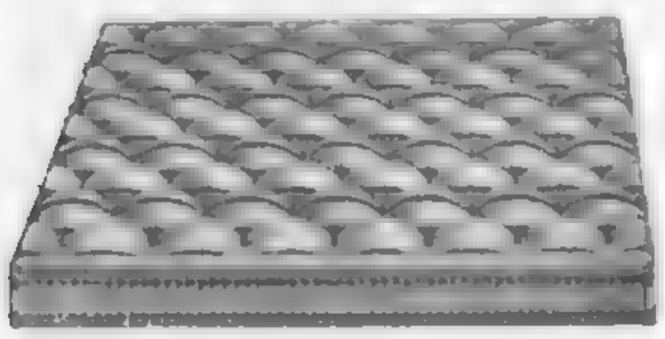
Is one of the most popular mattresses of the less expensive grades—Careful expert construction—Deeply tufted—Strong stitched and of much higher value than others usually sold at this price—See Catalog



$12.75 Hirschman's "Jewel"
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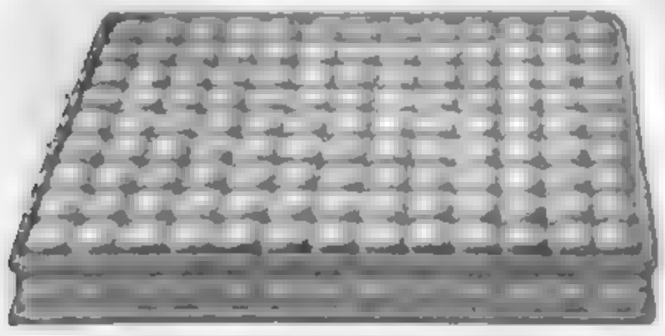

$14.00 Hirschman's "Imperial"
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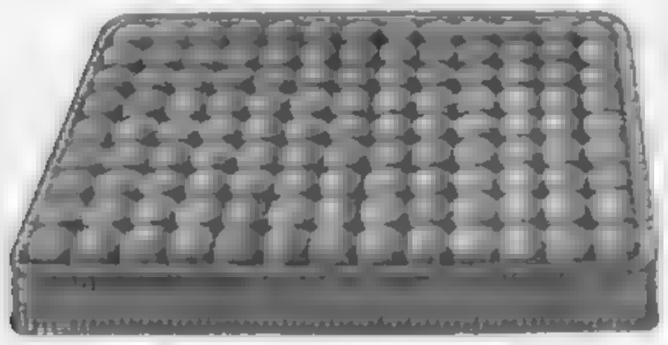
Weighs 50 lbs.—Imperial edge—Dainty designs similar to the "Azores"—Most attractive. One of the handsomest and most desirable mattresses in the Hirschman line. Write for Catalog and full details



$16.50 Hirschman's "Azores"
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Of most desirable quality—Weighs 60 lbs.—Extra quality guaranteed cotton felt sheets of even thickness laid with extreme care by experts—Deep tufted—Very handsome designs—Satin finish—Get Catalog for full particulars.

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We can't sell you curled hair mattresses at $9.00 and we don't pretend to. But if you will read the descriptions of the leaders illustrated here you will learn positively of what various Hirschman mattresses are made and you can depend upon their being superior to any others sold at the same prices

Thirty-two years—32 years—making beds has taught us **how—Right.** It has trained a force of men whose skill is unequaled anywhere. Bed making—you know—isn't altogether a matter of quality of material.

Beds are made for comfort. If a bed isn't comfortable—it is a poor bed, no matter how costly it may be. So our mattress makers have had to learn how to make a bed comfortable

We give them good materials.—Our experts have figured out the proper construction and the result is that Hirschman mattresses conform to every line of the body when in use—and return to their original shape when not in use. That makes for durability and superiority. We give you the opportunity to prove this.

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Just to Show You What Solid Comfort and Perfect Rest Are—Every Hirschman Mattress Is Sold on 60 Nights' Free Trial

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Choose from those illustrated here—or send the coupon for our book and complete catalog. Try the one you select. Sleep on it 60 nights. If it is not exactly as represented—if it is not all we claim—if for any other reason you are willing to let it go—we will take it back and refund your money.

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Hirschman mattresses are the most comfortable and durable mattresses made. They could not be if material, construction, design, workmanship and finish were not absolutely right in every particular. Every Hirschman mattress is guaranteed

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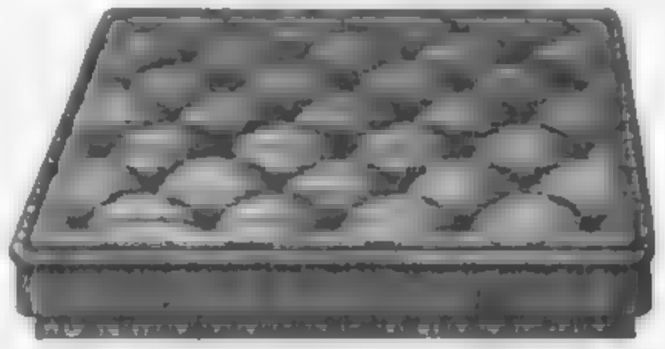

$20.00 Hirschman's "Jupiter"
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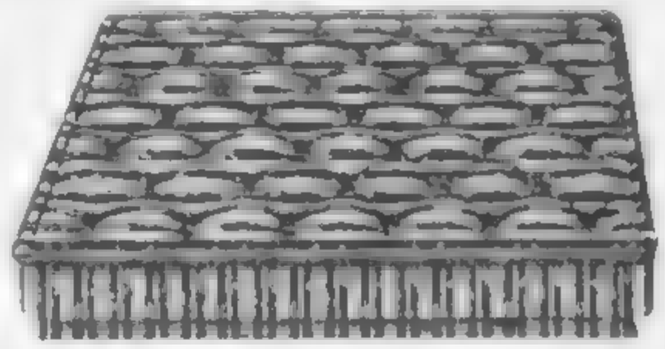
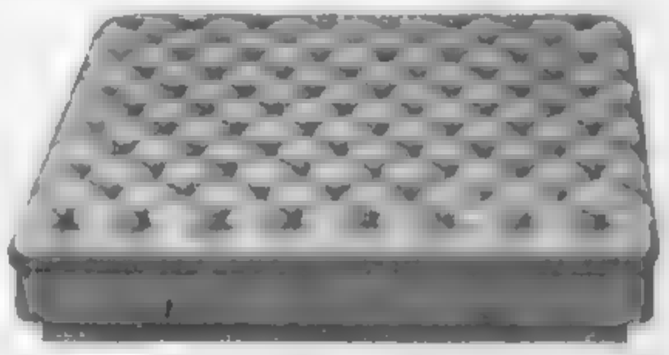
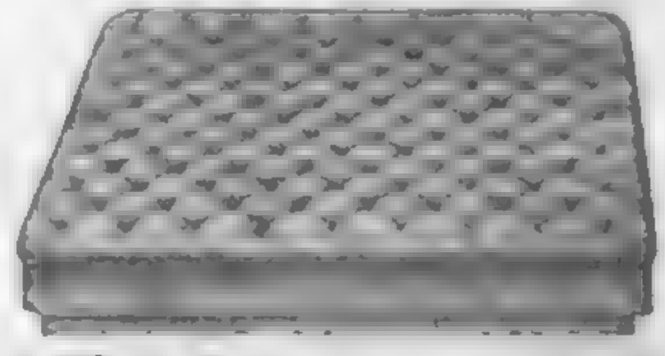
Superb [illegible] springs being used) [illegible] lbs. high grade hair [illegible] AAA grade black moss. See our Catalog for all illustrations and complete descriptions



$30.00 "Capital"
Single Deck Spring Mattress
[illegible] Sanitized grade frame [illegible] Famous [illegible] detailed descriptions



$40.00 Hirschman's "Queen"
Single Deck Turkish Spring Mattress
Built on same famous scientific lines as the Hirschman "King"—Very choicest materials and perfect construction with only slight difference from the "King"—20 lbs. hair—Send for Catalog for fullest descriptions of the others of the Hirschman Line.



$50.00 The Hirschman "King"
Double-Deck Turkish Spring Mattress
Is the most famously comfortable mattress and of highest quality ever made—Is patented—Best bed that can be built—Contains 192 coiled steel springs with also 72 springs in lower deck—1,728 hand ties interlashing all springs—22 lbs. finest long, black, curled hair etc., etc Ask for Catalog

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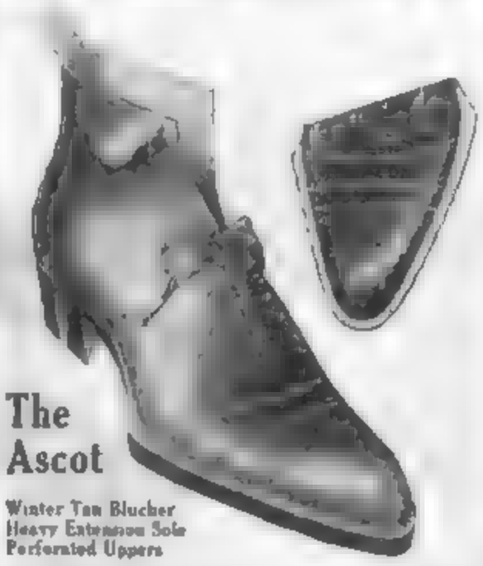

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Winter Tan Blucher
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It isn't so much the leather nor the labor. We've no monopoly on *those* factors.

It's Florsheim "natural shaped" lasts.

They can't distort the foot and don't need breaking in.

There is none of that annoyance frequently caused by ordinary lasts.

Your feet lie flat as nature intended.
Write for Style book.
Most styles are $5 and $6.

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Sense and Nonsense

The Carpenter's Serenade

A lath! I quite a door you, dear;
I've hallways loved your laughter.
Oh, window you intend to grant
The wish my hopes are rafter?

When first I sawyer smile 'twas plane
I wood re-joice to marry:
Oh, let us to the joiner's hie
Nor longer shingle tarry!

And now that I have axed you, dear,
Plumb, square and on the level
(I've always wanted 2-by-4),
Don't spile hope's happy revel.

The cornice is waving, Peggy, dear,
The gables all are ringing;
Why let me pine?—for, oh, you know
I'm sawdust when I'm singing!

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Choosing Choux

"YES," said Gladys Gwendolyn to her friend, as they parted at the corner of the Avenue, "your new suit is lovely, dear, and screamingly becoming. But it would improve the effect if you'd get one of those soft bunches of *malines*, a *chou*, you know, and wear it at the back of your neck."

"I believe you're right," agreed Ermyntrude; "I'll go right in to Moneymaker's and get one now."

The two girls parted, and Ermyntrude entered the big department store.

"Where shall I find *choux?*" she asked of an affable floorwalker.

"Third floor, madam; take the elevator."

On the third floor Ermyntrude again asked directions:

"Where are the *choux*, please?"

"Ties?"

"Why, yes—sort of ties, I suppose. But they're called *choux*. I want black ones."

"Shoe department, three aisles to the left."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind."

"All kinds are there."

"But I don't mean shoes at all. I mean *choux*. I want black ones and white ones both."

"You will find all colors in the shoe department."

"I don't want shoes at all! I want *choux*, lace ones, you know."

"The lace shoes and button shoes are both there, madam."

"Oh, you don't understand me! I want white lace *choux*, ties, you know, and black ones and tan-colored and light blue."

"You'll find the blue among the evening wear; the others are all in the regular shoe department."

"Oh, have you a regular *chou* department? I didn't suppose there was such a demand for them. Now, I only want one of each color."

"We don't sell them singly, madam."

"Oh, it's the wholesale department, then. Well, where do you retail *choux?*"

"It is the retail department, but we sell them only in pairs."

"You don't understand me yet! I want *choux! Choux*, not *shoes!* Just one *chou*, to wear at the back of my neck."

The floorwalker understood at last. The poor young thing was crazy! It was pathetic, but she must be removed from the store immediately and without creating a commotion.

"Yes," he said soothingly—"Yes, you shall have a shoe to wear at the back of your neck, and a mitten to wear on your left ear, and a cake of soap for a breastpin."

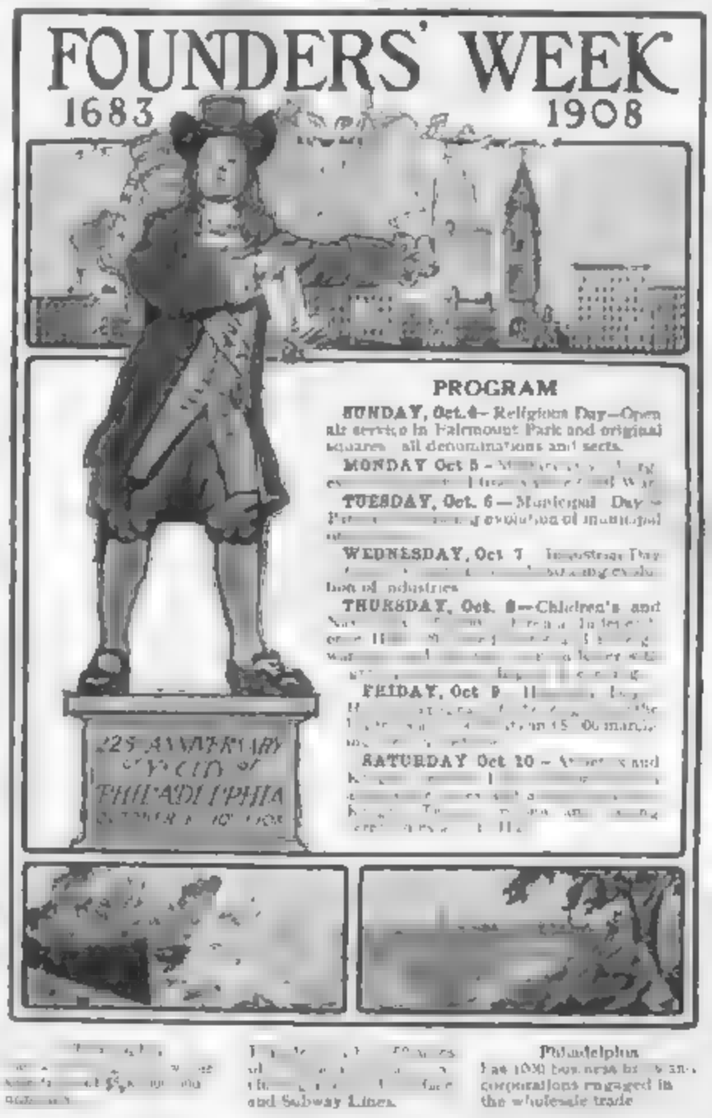
He had always heard that one must humor the vagaries of a lunatic, and he felt proud of his achievement when he saw the irate and indignant young woman start hastily toward the elevator, little dreaming she was on her way to report him at the office. —*Carolyn Wells.*

The Different Streets

Just a peep at either street
Tells you on the spot:
BRAD*street tells you what you're worth—*
WALL *Street what you're not!*

—*R. Rochester.*

Philadelphia Founded as a City in 1683


FOUNDERS' WEEK
1683
1908
PROGRAM
SUNDAY, Oct. 4—Religious Day—Open air service in Fairmount Park and original squares all denominations and sects.
MONDAY Oct 5 –
TUESDAY, Oct. 6—Municipal Day –
WEDNESDAY, Oct 7
THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Children's and
FRIDAY, Oct 9
SATURDAY Oct 10 –
125 ANNIVERSARY CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia
is the city which gave birth to the Bill of Rights.

Philadelphia
has 16,000 Manufacturing Plants employing 750,000

Philadelphia
and Subway Lines.

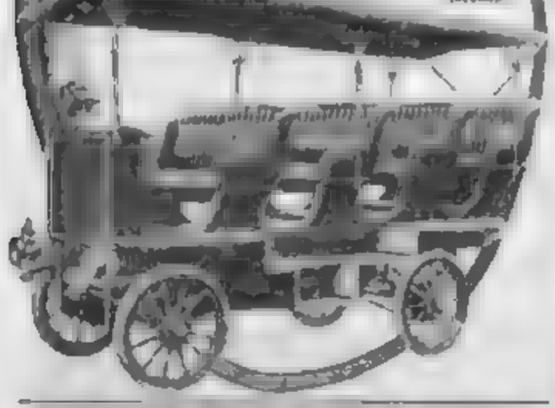
Philadelphia
has 1000 businesses and corporations engaged in the wholesale trade

Philadelphia manufactures each year 180,000,000 yards of enough to make a pair of sheets for every family in the United States.

Philadelphia's History Dramatized on Franklin Field Every Evening During Founders' Week

The Rapid —Makes Good for every Commercial Use

RAPID
of Commercial Cars
and I want to put our
ful experience at your
State your requirements.
H. G. HAMILTON Treas
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
506 Rapid St., Pontiac, Mich.



No. 8536 – Karpen Colonial Suite Frame work of solid Cuban mahogany beautifully shaped and molded. Covered in velour

Know the Points of Good Furniture

The Karpen Style Book shows you how to save money—how to recognize correct design—how to be sure of getting furniture that lasts a lifetime.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered the furniture of correct design will look just as well and be just as perfect ten, twenty, or thirty years from now as it is today, for the same prices charged for the commonplace kind.

All we want is a chance to convince you. Suspend judgment until you know the actual figures.

Write for our Free Style Book and see for yourself.

Whether you need furniture for a modest little home or a mansion, this big instructive furniture book will show you how to make each dollar go farthest.

You want from its 88 pages.

You will find in this book views of interiors drawn by decorators showing you how to get the most artistic effects in any room of the house in any of the furniture periods or

Several pages show our wood finishes and leathers in the actual colors.

The Book explains to you *why* Karpen fabrics and leathers last. It enables you to protect yourself against the

up of defects—the use of poor springs, split leather or cheap fabric, and of excelsior instead of hair filling.

Karpen Furniture is the only guaranteed and trade-marked upholstered furniture made. Our trade-mark is your protection. It appears on every piece of our furniture.

[illegible] trade-mark which [illegible] how in [illegible] is the [illegible] guarantee of [illegible] use of Karpen covering the article so long as you shall keep it. If the article proves unsatisfactory, your dealer is authorized to return to you what you paid.

[illegible] anywhere and always for [illegible]

United States Government.

And—equally important to the [illegible] story of retained value—it is *absolute assurance of correct patterns and finish.*

Send for the Karpen Style Book SS.

[illegible]

No. 920 – Karpen Colonial Leather Couch

S. Karpen & Bros.

Karpen Bldg
Chicago

Karpen Bldg
New York

Karpen Genuine Furniture

The newest style Shur-On
On and off with one hand

All the spring is in the next finger pieces—no coil springs to break—and the bridge is rigid and always keeps the lenses in proper position before the eyes. You get [illegible]

Get the genuine Handy Shur On [illegible]

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO. Dept. B Rochester, N. Y.

Mallory CRAVENETTE HATS

STYLE WEATHERPROOF SERVICE

Mallory Cravenette Hats have style. They are in demand by men who pride themselves on being correct in every detail of their apparel. They have quality—since 1823 Mallory Hats have held the highest reputation in the hat trade of the country.

Besides—Mallory Cravenette Hats have *what no other hat can have*—the *weather-proof quality* gained by the famous Cravenetting process controlled absolutely by E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc., for hats. This process does not change the texture of the material—but simply renders all Mallory Hats proof against rain and sun. They will not fade nor spot. They outlast all other hats.

For sale by dealers everywhere, Derbies and Soft, $3, $3.50, $4.

Write for free illustrated booklet on hat styles.

E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc., 13 Astor Place, Cor. Broadway, New York.
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

SINCERITY TALKS
by
Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

YOU AND YOUR LAERTES

THEY say sometimes it does not always do to be classic in advertising, that high-falutin' language and erudite references are no argument.

Which is quite right, perhaps, and maybe.

Argument never sold anything that was not *its own* argument.

This that Polonius said was common-sense, and common-sense is *always* classic:

"*Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,*
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

The apparel of a college boy oft proclaims the man that *bought* it for him—or paid for it—his Polonius.

Every father of a college boy has to be Polonius to his Laertes every once in a while.

The young fellow hasn't been wearing clothes as many years as you have, but depend upon it, *he* is keeping in touch with styles. And you want him to have as much good looks as he has good sense: Good clothes emphasize both.

The young man with backnumber clothing is handicapped.

BUT the college boy must have clothing that proclaims him. And he knows what he wants.

Differential calculus and the binomial theorem come harder to him than the knowledge of what's what in clothes.

For the college boy who wants something that is classy, nifty—wants a suit with snap and go to it—the most popular suit produced this season is our "Deke."

Your college boy will tell you offhand why we call it the "Deke."

It's a single-breasted, straight front, sack suit, with a coat that is a five buttoner with a swagger dip. It has all the Sincerity *excellences*—the perfect fit, the shoulders that snap into place, the smooth effect over the chest.

Not an outlandishly freakish affair, made on the principle that the college boy will wear *anything*, but a clever, youngish-looking suit with just enough of breeziness to please the fancy.

NOW, here's a big point from your standpoint.

Sincerity clothing is built for the future as well as on the past. The fit is *made* right in the garments—cut and sewed in by expert tailors who get big salaries for doing it; it isn't *faked* in with a hot flat iron. The fabric is inspected and re-inspected by *men who know*, and not one of the *seventy* different operations in the making is skimped or slighted.

A postal card gets our style book, which pictures the "Deke"—and many other new suits as well as overcoats.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

Our label in every garment is your guaranty.

A SINCERITY STYLE—"THE DEKE"

Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

Why Cattle are Locoed

THE Government Plant Bureau believes that it has solved the much-vexed problem of the "loco weed," which has been a cause of endless puzzlement in parts of the West, where, especially in Colorado, the poisoning of horses, sheep and other stock by the "crazy plant" occasions enormous losses. In that State alone the loss amounted to $117,300 in a twelvemonth, and $200,000 was spent in two years to eradicate the obnoxious vegetable.

In various parts of the West quite a number of different plants are popularly known as loco weeds, but the term is applied most particularly to certain members of the pea family. When eaten by cattle or other stock these plants produce certain physiological effects which may be summed up under the head of extreme starvation, or what looks like it, and loss of reasoning power. The animals act as if crazy or idiotic, and sometimes are unable to stand up.

The familiar symptoms were reproduced in rabbits, experimentally, by dosing them with small quantities of an extract of loco weed. One rabbit, while under the influence, became exceedingly fierce. It attacked a cat, jumping on pussy's neck, and biting her, so that she fled screaming. The animals thus treated invariably died within a short time.

It was found, on analyzing the plants in question, that they contained considerable quantities of the metal barium—derived, of course, from the soil. Suspicion being entertained that this was the cause of the mischief, rabbits and other animals were dosed with salts of barium, with the result that the same symptoms were produced. This, indeed, appears to be the solution of the problem. In Colorado, at all events, the "crazy weeds" derive their poisonous properties from this metallic element

In some localities loco weeds seem to be entirely harmless, owing, presumably, to the fact that the soil contains no barium. But, if barium happens to be present in the soil, they absorb it, and it poisons animals that eat them. As yet the problem has not been worked out sufficiently to make it possible to offer a cure for the malady when an animal has been attacked by it, but now that the cause is known there is good reason for believing that some sort of remedy will be discovered.

Twentieth-Century Slave Trading

THE return, in August, 1908, of nineteen Gilbert Islanders from Guatemala to their native home—the survivors of 400 "recruits" collected in 1889 to work on the Central American coffee plantations—calls attention to the fact that the slave trade, though nominally dead, is as active as ever in the Southern Pacific. All the rest of these unfortunate people perished in captivity.

The Gilberts, the Solomons, and certain other island groups in that part of the world, populated by woolly-headed blacks in an advanced state of savagery, are a profitable hunting ground for the slave traders of to-day who are called euphemistically "blackbirders." It is their business to kidnap, steal, buy, or otherwise obtain possession of natives, whom they sell to the companies that work great areas of agricultural land in Samoa and elsewhere. Utterly ruthless, they do not hesitate at murder or any other crime, though customarily they entice the islanders on board of their vessels by promises of enormous pay, light labor and good treatment, with passage home at the end of a short term of service.

There are no more hardened and cruel wretches alive than these "blackbirders." Having once secured a human cargo, they keep the poor savages, men and women, in subjection by a free use of the lash, or by worse torture and presently sell them to the managers of the plantations by whom they are treated in all respects as slaves. Disciplined with utmost severity, they are fed on breadfruit, which grows without care, so that their subsistence costs next to nothing. Under such circumstances a good many of them die, but that is not a matter of importance to their owners.

It is urged in defense of this system that the "niggers" are mostly cannibals anyway, and that on their native islands the tribes to which they belong are engaged in perpetual warfare, village against village and district against district—a warfare in which life has no value, cruelty no measure, and mercy no place. They are better off, it is argued, in slavery. In Samoa the resident population cannot be persuaded to toil, and so the German land-holding corporations claim that they are obliged to fall back upon "blackbirding" in order to till their fields and gather their cocoanuts.

The Solomon and Gilbert groups are large and populous, affording supplies of slaves almost unlimited. In one respect the latter are not treated so badly by the Samoan companies, being returned to their homes at the end of three or five years. At the end of his term of servitude in Samoa each man receives a shotgun, some ammunition, a piece of bright cloth, and a few other trifles—the real purpose of these gifts being to persuade other natives to accept similar agricultural employment. Frequently, however, the business of slave-gathering is simplified by purchasing the people from their chiefs.

Oxygen to the Rescue

THE Technologic Branch of the United States Geological Survey is experimenting with a newly-invented machine for rescuing men from mines under dangerous circumstances, where fire or poisonous gas threatens life. It is worn on the back of the rescuer, and consists most importantly of metal cylinders which contain oxygen and nitrogen, not mixed, but in separate receptacles.

The cylinders are connected by rubber tubes with the mouth of the person who wears the contrivance, over whose face a metal mask lined with rubber fits in such a manner as to be air-tight. His expired breath passes into the larger cylinder, where, by chemical means, it is freed of its moisture and carbonic acid, so that, with the addition of oxygen supplied from the other receptacle, it can be breathed again, and yet again and again, by repetition of the process.

It is thought that the machine will prove useful likewise to firemen on occasions where they find it necessary to enter buildings thick with smoke—especially where people are to be rescued. Whatever is likely to be helpful in the solution of problems of this kind is of great importance—particularly in the United States, where eight persons are killed by fire, in one way or another, for every one destroyed by such means in Europe, proportionately to population.

The facts in this matter become striking when it is said that, according to statistics gathered by the Government, more than six thousand people are burned to death in this country every year. Losses by fire in the United States amount to about $2.45 per capita annually, while in the six leading countries of Europe they are only thirty-three cents. Since 1875 the fire loss in the United States has increased from $78,000,000 to $200,000,000 per annum. In 1906 it was $518,000,000, but this was accounted for largely by the conflagration in San Francisco following the earthquake.

One of the Government officials, Richard L. Humphrey, urges that no room used for purposes of assembly should be allowed by law to be higher than the second floor. In particular no hospital should be above two stories in height. He recommends that all buildings used for purposes of assembly, or, like schools, for the gathering of many persons, shall be provided with chutes, so wide and so smooth that they cannot possibly be choked, down which people may be literally poured without danger to themselves.

As for fire escapes, it is declared that as a rule they are unsuitable for the purposes contemplated. Many of them could not possibly be used to advantage except by practiced acrobats. People are quite commonly killed or badly hurt while attempting to employ them—one reason being that they are not built like stairs, nor yet like ladders, but are a cross between the two. Consequently, they are confusing.

Small Motors

We make a specialty of small direct current motors from 1-30 to 15 H.P. adapted to all requirements. If you are a user of power up to 15 H.P. you should know

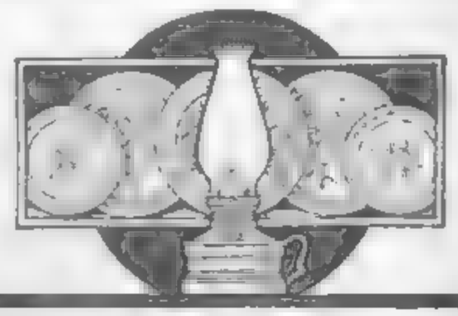
THE "STANDARD" Direct Current MOTORS

Our motors are suitable for every kind of driving, for any position, speed or condition of load. They are most satisfactory either for isolated machines or for general shop work. They are also low cost, quiet and smooth running and will stand in A 1 condition through years of hard continuous work.

"The Standard" Motors have been brought to the highest possible degree of efficiency and their absolutely perfect balance is the basis of their thorough reliability and durability. Write today for our book No. 67 about "The Standard" Motors.

The Robbins & Myers Co.
Main Office and Factory, Springfield, Ohio

New York 145 Chambers St Philadelphia 1104 Arch St Chicago 45 W Jackson Boul Detroit 264 Live Oak St Cleveland The W A Horning Co 33 Frankfort Ave N W New Orleans S J Stewart 216 Bourbon St St Louis I C Van Nort Electric Co Locust and 11th Sts Kansas City Heath Electric Co



MACBETH lamp-chimneys cost a few cents apiece more than the breaking, ill-fitting ones, but much less by the month or year. The ordinary kind must be bought continually, because they break from heat, in use. MACBETH lamp-chimneys never break from heat, and my name MACBETH is on them.

My Lamp-Chimney Book Insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it free, to anyone who writes for it

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

An article that careful dressers buy repeatedly must be superior.

That's the story of the PARIS Garter. One man writes: "*I've been wearing 18 years for this garter.*"

If your dealer is sold out, send us 25 cents for mercerized, or 50 cents for silk. *Money back if you are not satisfied.*

Made only by A. Stein & Co., 159 Center Ave., Chicago

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Sending for this free book [illegible]

SYSTEM, Dept. 9-12, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

No Safer Security

[illegible] our patrons. We pay

5% a Year

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

Industrial Savings and Loan Co
1 Times Bldg. Broadway & 42d St
New York

6% **Certificates of Deposit**

An ideal investment for savings or trust funds. Safe, convenient, negotiable. Let us send you the book telling about them. Write today

Calvert Mortgage and Deposit Company
1067 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "position" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word signs" — no [illegible]. Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days at home study, utilizing spare time. [illegible] Chicago Correspondence Schools, 720 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

REMOVING WEST

Household Goods shipped at Reduced Rates from [illegible] Colonist rates free. Write for [illegible]

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY

San Francisco, 789 Market St. Los Angeles, [illegible] W. 5th St.
Seattle, 325 Main St.
Chicago, 215 P. Dearborn St. New York, [illegible] Broadway

If you have $100 and want it to earn $6.00 a year for you—write for booklet "The Sulky Dollar."
you have saved a Dollar and want it to work and earn 5% a year for you, write for "The Nimble Sixpence."
[illegible] write for particulars.

Georgia State Savings Ass'n { 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

WE WANT STORY-WRITERS

We sell stories, plays, and [illegible] Story Writing — Journalism [illegible] Writing for Profit" [illegible]

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

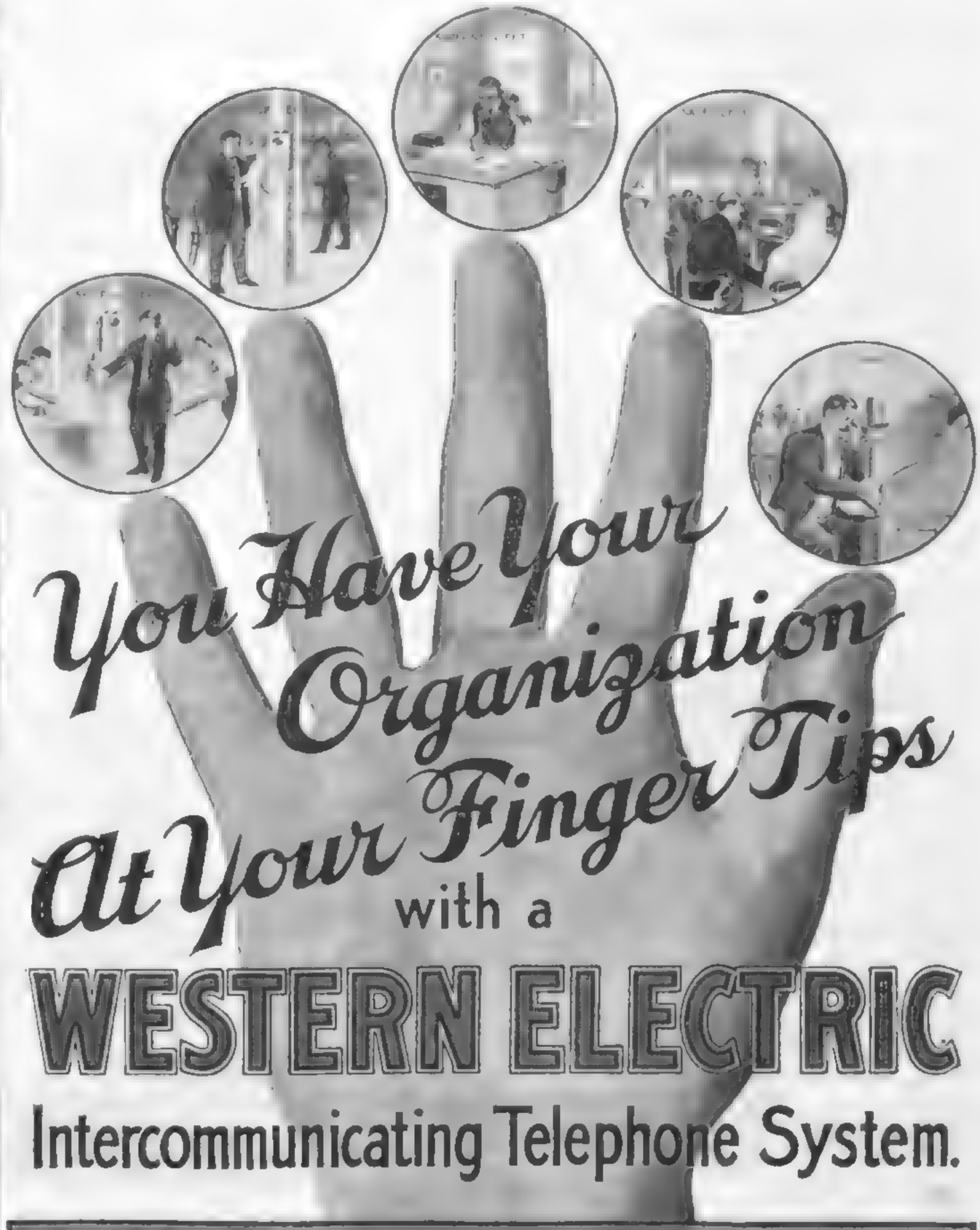
DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?
That's all we want to know. Now we will not [illegible] grand prize [illegible] free stuff [illegible] rich in a week [illegible] make money [illegible] portfolio [illegible] cartoons [illegible] sample lesson plate [illegible]
The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning,
313 Kingsmoore Bldg. Cleveland, O.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

[illegible] FREE [illegible]

FEET HURT? The INSTEP INSOLE relieves weak ankles, tired feet, corns, bunions, callouses, low insteps, running over shoes. Men and women. Guaranteed. Send outline of stockinged feet and $2, or stamp for circular.
INSTEP INSOLE CO., 27 Alexander Pl., Chicago

INCREASE YOUR EARNING POWER with "BUSINESS AID" This Magazine [illegible] 500 Ways to Make Money
Business Aid

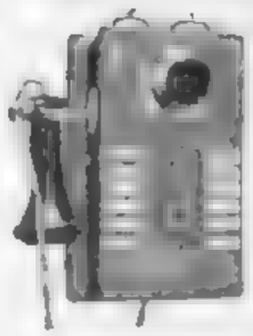


You Have Your Organization At Your Finger Tips

with a

WESTERN ELECTRIC

Intercommunicating Telephone System.



No matter how finely a business house may be organized and systematized, it is necessary that intercourse be easy between heads of departments in order to settle the hundred and one unforeseen problems that arise daily in every business.

A Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephone System actually puts your entire organization at your finger tips.

Western Electric Intercommunicating Telephones are furnished in both wall and desk types.

They are inexpensive to install, reliable in operation, and of low maintenance cost.

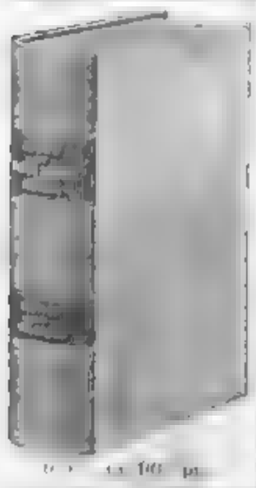
They are of the quality-standard adopted by the largest operating telephone companies.

Write for Bulletins on Intercommunicating Telephone Systems for Business and Residence Use.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

261 S. Clinton Street
Dept. 551, Chicago

465 West Street
Dept. 551, New York

Examine FREE the
Indispensable New PARSONS
The foremost of money-savers in telling one what not to do.
The Famous Legal Standard PARSONS'
Laws of Business
The invaluable companion of every one in business

Over 220,000 Sold of former editions. *Whether or not you have one,* **You cannot afford not to own The New Greatly Enriched 1908 Edition.**
With up-to-date chapters
Stockholders, Officers and Directors of Corporations, Food and Drug Law; New Trade-Mark Law Enlarged, Full Glossary
Up-to Date 1908
Forms for
Stamps for return. Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
The S. S. Scranton Co., Hartford, Conn.

Let Us Send You This
Switch
ON APPROVAL
or any other article you may select from our large new Catalog, illustrating all the latest
Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings

2 oz., 20 in. Switch	$ 95
2 oz., 22 in Switch	1 25
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20 in Light Weight Wavy Switch	2 50
2 oz 28 in Wavy Switch	5 95
Short Stemmed Wavy	4 95
Coronet Braid for Wavy Hair	6 75
6 Coronet Puffs Curly	3 45
12 Coronet Puffs	4 95
200 to 225 and grades of Extra	6 to $35 00
Pompadour Natural curly	2 95
Wigs, Ladies' all Hair	$6 50 to $60 00

Send sample of your hair and describe article you
We will send prepaid *On Approval*
Gray shades are a little
PARIS FASHION CO., Dept 249, 209 State Street, Chicago

GOKEY'S HAND MADE STORM SHOE
Sporting and Surveyor's Boots
If you want a good water proof storm shoe, get Gokey's.
Write for Gokey's Shoe Book
WM. N. GOKEY SHOE CO.
13th Street
Jamestown N. Y.

HOME STUDY
The
University of Chicago
offers 150 of its class room courses by
The U of C Div C Chicago Ill

Seeing the Campaign

Money, money everywhere, But not a cent to spend

POLITICALLY considered, from the viewpoint of the campaign managers, all this talk about "Shall the People Rule?"; about the tariff being (*a*) the most beneficent economic institution known to man, or (*b*) all kinds of a larcenist, from a doormat thief to a predacious plutocrat who steals a transcontinental railroad; about guaranteeing bank deposits; the use of the injunction, or the continuance or eclipse of the Roosevelt policies, is ornamental and customary, like the parsley on the steak, but not particularly valuable except for decorative purposes.

The real issue in this campaign, as in every campaign, is money, and two horrible facts confronting the managers are that the Republicans have no money and the Democrats have no money. The further horrible fact is that neither side, to hear them tell it, can get any money. While the candidates of the two big parties are letting go views, near-views and reviews, while the local situations in every State are being embroidered with stories of wide-open splits and close-together alliances, while Colonel Bryan is plowing with his Major Minna Mascot mule and Judge Taft is making the backbone of every horse he rides look like the hollow in a gourd, while Chairman Hitchcock is flitting hither and yon and Chairman Mack is glued to the long-distance telephone connecting with Lincoln, Nebraska, the treasurers and the finance committees are sitting in their offices and gazing gloomily at a few scattering two-dollar bills.

Apparently the dear corporations have marched, in a body, behind the protecting bulwarks of the announcements by the two committees, that no combination, trust or other association of the criminal rich shall be allowed to contribute to the campaigns, and intend to remain there. They have taken the inhibitions seriously. Further than that, they seem to have decided that if a corporation cannot contribute it would be unseemly for a person in a corporation to hand in anything, and the financial end of the campaigns is dragging; in fact, it may be said to be drugged.

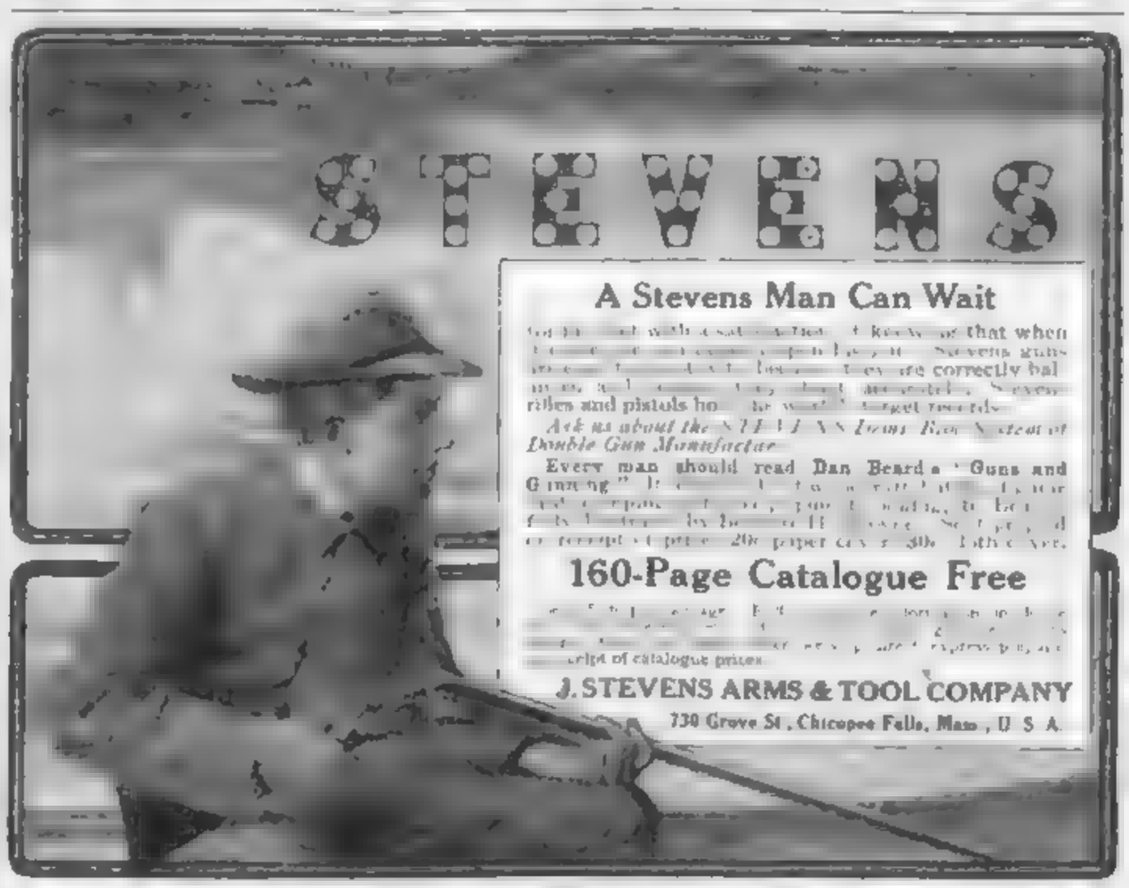
It takes money to run a campaign. Everybody knows that, particularly the people who run it. One of the great items of expense is advertising. Candidates must be advertised, just like soap and patent medicine and breakfast food. Much of the advertising is free, printed in the papers under the guise of news, but there is a lot of it that costs real money. If it wasn't for the lithographs and the speeches and the pamphlets and the platforms and the banners and all that sort of thing the people would forget there was a campaign a week after it began. The fact is that the great popular interest in campaigns is a good deal of a myth, anyhow. Politics is an incident with most people, and unless it is dinned into the ears of the masses that So-and-So is the greatest statesman we ever produced and not to elect him would spell ruin for everything, or that What's-His-Name combines in him all the elements that will enable him to force Congress to vote each citizen a house and lot, an automobile and a yacht, the masses are likely to remember voting along about Thanksgiving Day, when the polls will be irrevocably closed.

Lest the People Forget

One would think Mr. Bryan is well enough known to need no advertising and that Judge Taft has so much prominence that any further bragging about him would be superfluous. But the campaign managers know better. Their task is to keep the name of their candidate, attached to the principles he stands for, before the people all the time. Otherwise the people, being volatile and not caring so much which one gets in, as they have a firm-rooted conviction things will come out all right anyhow, would calmly remain away from the polls—that is, the bulk of the people would. Knowing this, the mails are clogged with advertising matter, the walls are plastered with posters, campaign clubs are formed, spellbinders gallop from stump to stump, the editors are turned loose, the political

Adaptable Confections

No function so formal—no gathering so brilliant—no dinner so sumptuous that its enjoyment is not enhanced by the delicate dessert confection.
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS
In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins
Festino
An almond
in the form of
an almond
enclosing a
kernel of de-
licious cream
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



STALL'S BOOKS
SELF AND SEX SERIES
These books are addressed to those who realize that knowledge is power, that ignorance is a curse, that success and usefulness are dependent upon an intelligent understanding of the purpose of

4 BOOKS TO MEN
"What a Young Boy Ought to Know"
"What a Young Man Ought to Know"
"What a Young Husband Ought to Know"
"What a Man of Forty Five Ought to Know"
4 BOOKS TO WOMEN
By Mrs. Mary Wood Allen, M. D. and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D.
"What a Young Girl Ought to Know"
"What a Young Woman Ought to Know"
"What a Young Wife Ought to Know"
"What a Woman of Forty Five Ought to Know"
The Vir Publishing Co.
544 Church Building, 15th and Race Streets
Philadelphia, Penna.

Our Improved Method of
Finishing Floors
old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with

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A 25c. Razor with a $5.00 Shave

What did you pay for your safety razor?

What do you pay for extra blades?

Compare the original cost of the razor with the cost of your extra blades, and figure out where the difference went to.

It didn't go for shaving value. It didn't go for blades. You paid the difference for an elaborate frame and an expensive box to hold it. The

SHRP-SHAVR

A Complete Safety Razor costs you 25c.

and it's worth more to you than any other razor you can buy because *the SHRP-SHAVR blade is the best blade ever turned out.*

When you buy the SHRP-SHAVR you buy the most practical and best shaving razor made. You get an inexpensive but strong and serviceable frame and a blade that shaves like magic.

Use the SHRP-SHAVR. It only costs you a quarter. If you pay more you're not getting your money's worth.

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Get a SHRP-SHAVR from your dealer. If he won't supply you send us a quarter, coin or stamps, and we'll send one direct. Try it. If you don't get the cleanest and easiest shave you've ever had, if for any reason at all you're not better satisfied with the SHRP-SHAVR than any razor you've ever had, send it back to us and we'll send your money back to you. We'll be glad to have you take us up on this. Extra blades, 5 for 25c. Stropper, 10c.

SHRP-SHAVR RAZOR CO
70 Duane Street · New York

It's all in our blades

The Only Pipe That Gives the Natural Tobacco Flavor

Turco-American GLASS PIPE

The Turco American Glass Pipe [illegible] through vents into a non-absorbent glass. Here it [illegible] and remain [illegible]

Smoke it a week and if not satisfied money will be refunded. Pipe with handsome durable case $1.00. Without case $1.50

Turco American Pipe Co. 361 South Ave. Rochester N. Y.

Medal of Highest Award Jamestown Exposition

Add TONE to Your Stationery

Order Washburne's Patent

"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they [illegible] 10c [illegible] 50 [illegible] Sent free

No. [illegible]

THE O K MFG CO Dept F Syracuse N Y

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE **PENNANTS** **25c**

To introduce our Goods we will send postpaid a special made-to-order Pennant 6 x 15 inches (like cut) for 25c. Two to four letters, any colors [illegible]

THE W C KERN CO., 47 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

reporters grind it out by the yard, the buttons are worn, the lithographs are distributed by the million, not because the campaign managers think any great proportion of votes will be changed, but because they know if they do not keep things moving only the professionals will vote. They advertise on this theory: Please vote for us, but for Heaven's sake get interested and vote for somebody. If you vote for the other fellow of course you will waste your ballot and help to scuttle the Ship of State; but get interested, at all events, and maybe we can change you.

When you induce a campaign manager to talk, really talk, the burden of his conversation is the appalling lethargy and the terrible lack of cash. The lethargy part of it is no new feature. More and more the American people are putting off their excitement about Presidential elections. It used to be that they were all wrought up in August. Now if they get to effervescing as early as October they are doing very well.

Instead of making a long, course dinner of their election hysteria, they take it in a capsule just before voting time, rip and roar around for a few days, spend one day in megaphoning, "I told you so!" or, "Oh, well, we never had a chance!" and go back to business. Still, when the lethargy that is now prevalent is combined with an absolutely soporific condition when it comes to sending in checks, the campaign managers have a right to worry.

Every Little Will Help

Legitimate expenses of a campaign are pretty well fixed. Experience has shown about how much money is required to keep the people from forgetting who is running. Of course, in two such high-minded campaigns as Judge Taft's and Mr. Bryan's there can be no illegitimate expenses. The situation seems to be that neither side has enough in sight for legitimate expenses, and both sides are devising ways and means to get enough if they can. Methods are different. The Democrats are advertising their poverty. They are shouting it from the housetops. The Republicans are complaining of theirs secretly and trying to get more cash by quietly-applied suction.

Mr. Bryan's campaigners are working both sides of the street. "Come on, now, good people," they say, "and give us a few dollars so we may elect that Peerless Champion of the People, Colonel William Jennings. It is thrice the duty of all those who have supported Mr. Bryan in the past to support him now. His need is greater. The need of the country is greater. Hand in your subscriptions. Anything from thirty cents up to ten thousand dollars will be accepted. Be for Bryan. Help! Help!"

That is for the folks who stood firm in the first battle and the second battle! It is for the Bryan men, the chaps who are voting for a personality as well as for a principle. The other plea is like this: "Perhaps you do not like Mr. Bryan, but you are a Democrat, are you not? Be regular! Stand by the organization. Remember, that while Bryan is the nominee the old crowd has the control of the machinery. We may not win, but we will have control of the organization, and think what that means in 1912. Uphold the organization, no matter what you may think of the candidate. Help us to maintain our grip and we will be amenable in the next campaign. Cut out Bryan altogether and give us a contribution because you are a Democrat. Come on in; the water's fine!"

The Republicans are holding conferences of executive committees, advisory committees and all other kinds of committees, and trying to figure out how they can put the screws on. It is the opinion of Treasurer George R. Sheldon that barring corporation contributions "is foolish." What he thinks of Judge Taft's proclamation that he desires no tainted money Mr. Sheldon has not announced publicly.

Mining Stocks in Broad Street

Mr. Sheldon's job is to get money out of people who have been led to think their money will not be taken. This is a difficult procedure. In these times most people are cemented to their money, anyway, and to jar them loose after they have been told they are undesirable contributors, that their money is septic and they are no better themselves, takes a brand of persuasion of the kind needed in selling mining stocks

Hawes.von Gal HATS

It s because of the fact that the hat is the most conspicuous part of man's attire that he should exercise greater judgment in its selection than any other article of apparel.

It's safe to buy a **Hawes, von Gal Hat** because quality of materials, workmanship, style, fit and finish are doubly guaranteed by dealer and maker.

The new **Hawes, von Gal Hats** for Fall and Winter offer a wide latitude of choice in style. No matter what your hat requirements, there is a **Hawes, von Gal Hat** exactly suited to your face, your figure and your fancy. Ask your dealer. Prices, $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hat

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

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INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York

FACTORIES:
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Wholesale Offices:
CHICAGO BOSTON

Whether you pay most attention to the style, or to the wear, or to the fit and comfort, you'll find your standard in

Ralston Shoes $4.

Our Book of Fall and Winter Styles shows just how the exclusive Ralston construction perfects combines all these features. It's an authoritative guide to correct foot-wear for men and women. It's free. Send for it. Where we have no agents, we supply you direct—and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Only 25c extra for delivery.

Union Made.

Stock No. 126
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Calf Blucher
"Smile" Last

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street
(Campello, Brockton), Mass.

TORREY RAZORS

HOLD THE KEENEST EDGE

This is our "No. 136"—a perfect razor for any beard or face. Price $2.50 postpaid, if not at dealers. Other styles from $1.50 up—all fully guaranteed.

Ask for Torrey Razors and Strops and insist on getting them.

Send for Our Catalogue

Tells how to shave and how to care for a razor. Contains many good points that every shaver should know.

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR CO.,
Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.
Established 1880 and now largest makers of razors in the world

Save Half on Your Suit or Overcoat!

To young men between 17 and 60:—Send a post card at once for our fall clothing samples, fashion sheet and self measurement blank. They are FREE. They will reach you by return mail! Order your fall suit or overcoat from us and if we don't convince you that we can make you a smart, up-to-date, high-[illegible] tailor's price, you don't have to buy. We take all [illegible] tory, send them back to us at our expense. **We pay express charges both ways.**

LIVINGSTON, The Tailor, Dept. 17, SOUTH BEND, IND.

Make your clothes wear twice as long

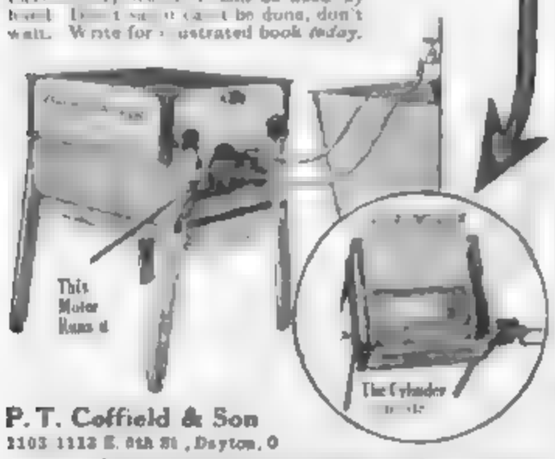
One woman writes, "It's wonderful the way it saves my clothes. They wear twice as long. I never realized before how much harm rubbing did."

Treat *your* clothes right.

The new Coffield Power Washer washes *entirely* without rubbing. You turn the faucet, *it* does the washing—you do nothing but rinse and hang out. Gets your clothes spotless without the wear and tear that ruins them. Saves you saves time and pays for itself *many* times over by the wonderful saving on the clothes.

Don't be deceived by imitations.

Let our nearest dealer put a Coffield in and do your next washing for you. If we have *no dealer* in your town we will ship on approval, satisfaction guaranteed. If you don't like it when it's been in use 30 days you don't have to pay for it. If you have only water power it can be used by [illegible]. Whatever can be done, don't wait. Write for illustrated book *today*.



P. T. Coffield & Son
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After the Razor

nothing is so soothing and cooling to the skin as Lehn & Fink's Talcum Powder. It has a smoothness and softness of its own.

Lehn & Fink's Talcum Powder

is put up in large 5-inch glass jars which are sold by druggists at 25c. Nearly all druggists have it—the rest can easily get it for you.

Free Sample

that will show you what a delightful toilet powder we have. We will send you a sample free upon request.

Lehn & Fink
125 William St.
New York

Christmas Gifts in Art Leather—Direct from Factory

Beautiful Draperies, Superb Pillow Covers, with new and artistic designs, Table Mats, Wall Hangers, Calendars, Art Skins, Novelties, etc.

We offer you an opportunity to hang one of several styles of our newest draperies in your home before paying for it. If not satisfactory it may be returned at our expense.

All of our goods are made from select velvet Suntan Leather, [illegible] fashioned, artistically decorated and sent direct from factory, fresh, clean and at prices which cannot be duplicated elsewhere for quality and finish.

Send for catalogue, with latest supplement and approval drapery offer. You will be pleased with Suntan Leather goods.

SUNTAN

Suntan Leather Company
718 Spring Street, Los Angeles

WORCESTER ACADEMY

All advantages of a large school. Master education [illegible] individual attention. The new [illegible] on hill and a big outcoming [illegible]. Eight tennis courts. Gymnasium for good health, not for mere strength. 75th year begins Sept. 16, 1908. Illus. catalogue.

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL. D., Prin., Worcester, Mass.

in Broad Street, New York, where everybody has mining stocks to sell. Party pressure is being put on. "Would you sit idle and hoard your wealth," Sheldon exclaims, "and watch that noble countenance, William Howard Taft, go down to defeat merely for the need of a few miserable dollars? Would you expose this country to Mr. Bryan, he being very catching, for the selfish satisfaction of preserving your means intact? Is it possible the Grand Old Party has no such hold on your affections as to force you to come across with a check for the preservation of our supremacy and the glory of our institutions? Have you no patriotism? no love for the past achievements of the Republican party? no sympathy with the present glorious cause? What the dickens are you, anyhow?—a lot of children to take all this talk about corporations and such seriously? We have got to have money, and you have got to give it to us. If you do not, remember you were warned in time, and don't come squealing around to us after election because Bryan is elected."

A Nation of Tight-Wads

It is a poverty-stricken situation on both sides. Mr. Bryan's dollar subscriptions have not panned out well. Mr. Sheldon's predatory plutes have buried their wealth and forgotten where they buried it. Every time Treasurer Sheldon meets Chairman Hitchcock this is the trend of the conference: "Money?"

"Money?"

"Money?"

"Money!!!"

And when Chairman Mack sees Treasurer Haskell we hear these thrilling references to the platform policies:

"Cash?"

"Collateral!"

"Checks!!"

"Legal tender!!!"

It must be that we are becoming a nation of tight-wads. Here are two great political organizations, each one specifically promising to save the country from everything or from anything at all, to keep us off the shoals, to preserve our glorious traditions and give our gorgeous destiny a boost, and each one in danger of not getting the chance because of this paralyzing indifference to the pleas of the financiers who are trying to finance the movements. It seems to be worse than indifference. It impinges on criminal neglect. This drawing the line between duty and dollars—to the sad dishevelment of duty but to the preservation of the paltry dollars in their original abiding-places—causes much astonishment and great grief in the headquarters. They weep about it daily. Indeed, it begins to look as if the people, having had no hand in selecting the candidates, have become callous and do not care to have any financial interest in their election. Somebody will be elected. That is a certainty. Therefore, say the gay, careless, but somewhat penurious people, why give of our increment to these beseeching campaign managers when we can, with much greater pleasure, spend it on ourselves?

Perhaps there will be a brighter day, but as this is written the gloom is profound. All the leading lights in both the Republican and the Democratic parties have brought themselves close to nervous prostration trying to devise means to induce the people to loosen up. The people are not impressed. Political money is scarce, and is getting scarcer every minute. Even Debs, the Socialist, had to come out with an appeal for money for a special train, it being un-Socialistic, apparently, to spread the doctrine of the masses against the classes in conjunction with the sort of transportation the masses use, but from a classy conveyance; young Mr. Stokes, the eminent millionaire Socialist, having started that sort of propaganding. Mr. Hearst seems to be going along smoothly, but so long as Mr. Hearst has influence with Mr Hearst there will always be a few dollars for the Hisgen and Graves fund. That's the advantage of a proprietary party.

Pink Poems for Pallid People

Meantime the only gleam in the murk comes from the campaign poets. Treasurer Haskell has turned out some stirring songs, with the assistance of Mr. Ham P. Bee who sings the Republican party, Wall Street and the trusts in many places. It is evident Governor Haskell does not expect much from the plutocrats, but it must

The Great Majestic

"The Range With A Reputation"

With water fronts if wanted for pressure or other boilers.

Pure Asbestos Lining

Body made of Charcoal Iron, adding 300% to life of Range

PERFECT BAKER — FUEL SAVER

All top doors and frames made of malleable iron. Can't break or crack.

You don't buy a range every year. Therefore when you buy one, buy the best. At first the Great Majestic may cost you a very little more than an ordinary range, but in the end it is much cheaper. It has durability and will out last three ordinary ranges. It is scientifically built—no heat can escape or cold air enter—will save half on your fuel bill. A perfect baker—not one day good—next day poor—but always uniform. Will save you from disappointment and poorly cooked meals. Your Best Guarantee: 1st—The reputation of the plant behind the range. 2d—Hundreds of thousands in use, every one giving satisfaction. We want you to see The Great Majestic. If no dealer near you has it, write us—we will send you free our booklet "Range Comparisons," and tell you where you can see a Majestic—the range that gives satisfaction and out-lasts all others.

THE MAJESTIC MFG. CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The Great Majestic Is For Sale In Nearly Every County In Forty States

Charles K. Sharood

How This Shoe Prevents Foot Troubles—

The Sharood R E-Z $5.00 Shoe is the invention of a practical shoemaker—Chas. K. Sharood, now head of the Sharood Shoe Corporation. First he learned at the bench how to make shoes right. Then he improved on custom workmanship. He placed on the

Sharood Pneumatic Sole R E-Z $5.00 Shoe

a special sole that insures entire foot comfort from first to last—keeps the feet dry, yet neither too warm nor too cold. Made by a special combination of antiseptic felt, flexible leather and waterproof canvas laid over cork. This forms the ideal foundation on which to build a comfortable, handsome, long wearing shoe. Try the Sharood R E-Z $5.00 Shoe.

Most live dealers have them. If yours hasn't them in stock, send us his name and we will mail you a copy of our R E-Z Style Book and a pair of Sharood's R E-Z Shoe Laces FREE.

SHAROOD SHOE CORPORATION
356 Broadway, ST. PAUL, MINN.

MADE ON TREDSTRATE LASTS

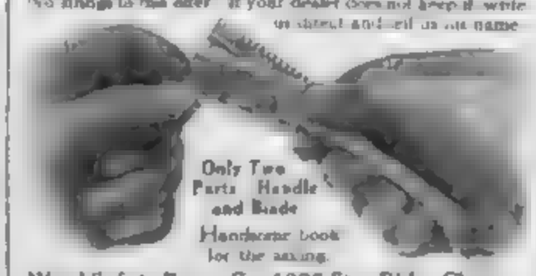
Does Your Razor Pull?

Ward Safety-Razor

The only Safety Razor giving the Natural Sliding Stroke which insures a smooth, clean shave, without the usual irritation caused by the old style razor or the ordinary hoe-shaped safety razor.

Try It At Our Expense

for 30 days and compare it with any other razor made. No strings to this offer. If your dealer does not keep it, write us direct and we'll fill in his name.



Handsome book for the asking.

Ward Safety Razor Co., 1228 Star Bldg., Chicago

Notice to School Teachers

Applications are now receivable for appointment to the Technical Education Commission for the 1908 Second Term.

Public School Teachers are eligible. No interference with regular duties.

Particulars regarding remuneration, etc., cheerfully furnished on application.

Technical Education Commission,
Scranton, Pa.

Genuine Zuni Indian Pottery

[illegible] Water jars, bowls, plates, canteens, ollas, pitchers for [illegible]. Also Navajo blankets, rugs, silver and turquoise jewelry. Send for price list. Correspondence solicited.

W. A. ROBERTS, Licensed Trader, Zuni, N. M.

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50

Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere. Visiting Cards 100 50c., with case 75c. Souvenir postcards and monogram stationery. Write for samples.

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, 191 S. Fremont St., Boston, Mass.

LAMB CHOPS

are given a delightful piquancy and flavor by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

An Ideal Sauce for Soups, Gravies, Stews, Fish, Cheese, Game and Salads.

Assists Digestion.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y

make Treasurer Sheldon, of the Republican committee, rather sore to read this and then refer to the cash book:

Oh, let Sheldon come forth with his Wall Street support,
But honest men will be deaf to his court.
When the millions of Wall Street will honor his draft
There's no use denying: they've a promise from Taft.

The Republican poets have not yet come around to the financial end of the campaign. Probably it is not so vital to them as it is to Haskell, who, in addition to writing songs, is also charged with getting funds for Mr. Bryan. The Republican poets are impressed with the sunshiny smiles of Mr. Taft. They dote upon his good nature. They are not waspish about contributions, but sing the man. Here is one:

William Taft is our taffy now;
He hasn't a scar on his brow.
He's a great, big, good-natured boy,
Though you will find he's no rubber toy.
He's a peach of the Crawford style,
He's a politician free from guile,
And victory upon him will smile.
Then 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! and a T-I-G-E-R!
For Willie Taft is our taffy now.

Richard Victor Oulahan shed tears of joy when that came into the Literary Bureau at the Republican headquarters, and Chairman Hitchcock immediately gave orders to send out another thousand photographs to all the leading newspapers of the country.

Subway Travel for Congress

ALTHOUGH both of the new white-marble Annexes to the Capitol at Washington, for House and Senate, respectively, will be entirely finished and ready for occupancy when Congress meets next December, no provision has yet been made for the transportation of Representatives and Senators through the subways connecting the main building with the wings in question. This is likely to be a considerable hardship, inasmuch as each of the Annexes is distant 800 feet from the Capitol, and many of the elder statesmen are not disposed to do any walking they can help.

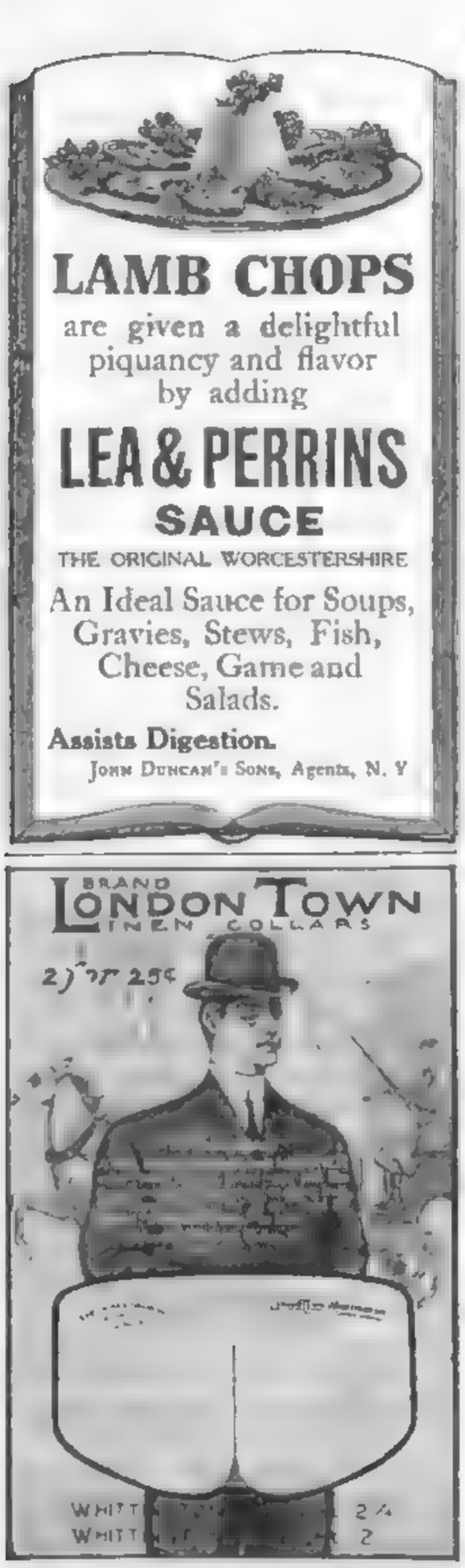
It was intended originally to run small electric topless shuttle cars through the subways, each such vehicle holding sixteen persons. This plan, however, has been rejected, and, up to date, no other scheme has been found acceptable, though many have been offered. Every sort of idea has been suggested, indeed, barring a roller coaster and a loop-the-loop contrivance.

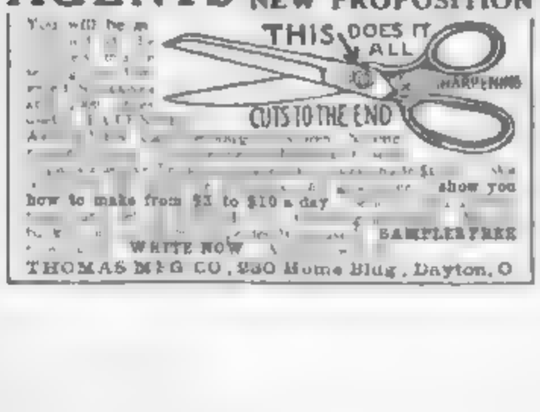
One subway starts from beneath the rotunda in the House Annex, and has its other terminus in the basement at the House end of the Capitol. The distance, a little less than a sixth of a mile, has an up-grade of four per cent. This statement applies likewise to the subway at the Senate end. Elevators furnish ready facilities for ascent and descent at each terminus. There is also a narrow concrete sidewalk, running along one side of each tunnel, for statesmen who wish to promenade.

Some means of wheeled transportation must be furnished, however, and one plan suggested is for a small railway of what is known as the "industrial" type, with energy for propulsion furnished by a third rail—the cars to be four feet wide and running on a track only twenty-one inches wide. Another idea demands a link cable running under a platform, with a slot so arranged that each car may engage the cable by thrusting downward a metal rod with a grappler on the end of it.

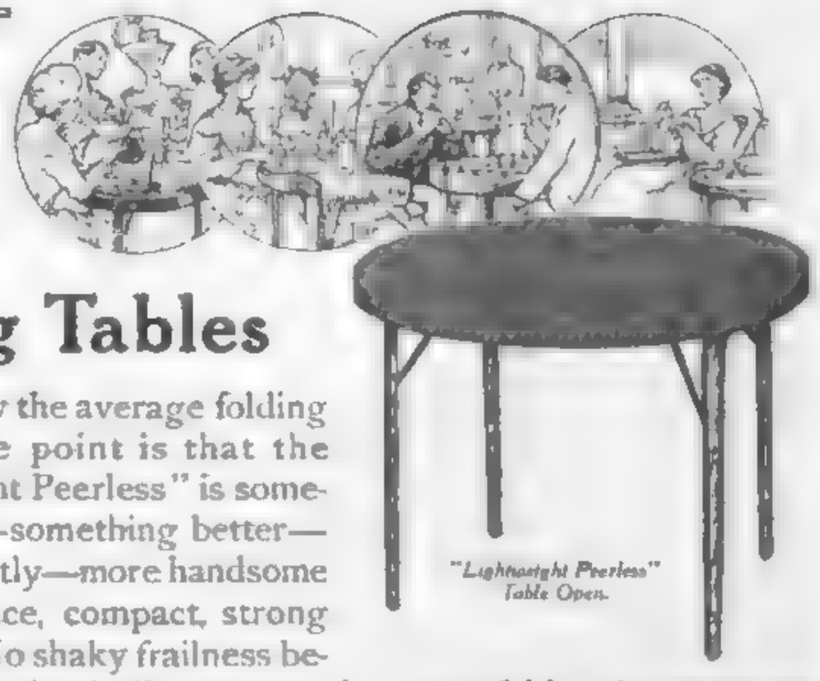
Yet another scheme is for a sort of moving sidewalk, operated on the same principle as the moving staircases which are installed in many big department stores. Such a sidewalk—or rather, two of them, one going and the other coming—would travel fast enough to accomplish the trip in about two minutes, and would be provided with benches on which passengers could sit.

The main objection to the moving sidewalk plan seems to be its expensiveness, the cost of the outfit for both subways being reckoned at about $200,000. As things stand at present, however, the whole project is "in the air," and nobody knows what is to be done.




AGENTS SEND TODAY FOR OUR NEW PROPOSITION
THIS DOES IT ALL
SHARPENING
CUTS TO THE END
WRITE NOW
SAMPLE FREE
THOMAS MFG CO., 930 Home Bldg., Dayton, O

The New Idea in Folding Tables



You know the average folding table. The point is that the "Lightweight Peerless" is something new—something better—built differently—more handsome in appearance, compact, strong and rigid. No shaky frailness because it is mechanically correct. As you unfold each leg a steel folding brace locks it rigidly in place. It absolutely cannot become wobbly or shaky like other folding tables. The

Lightweight

PEERLESS Folding Table

is unique because of its extraordinary strength and light weight. A 30-inch table weighs but ten pounds—will carry a thousand.

Our round **Folding Dining Table** is just right for small dining rooms, 48-inch diameter; seats eight persons; weight, twenty-two pounds; strong, handsome and substantial.

Lightweight Peerless Tables are made in many sizes, styles and finishes, both round and square—cloth, leatherette and a three-ply natural wood veneer, beautifully grained tops—pleasing to the most fastidious.

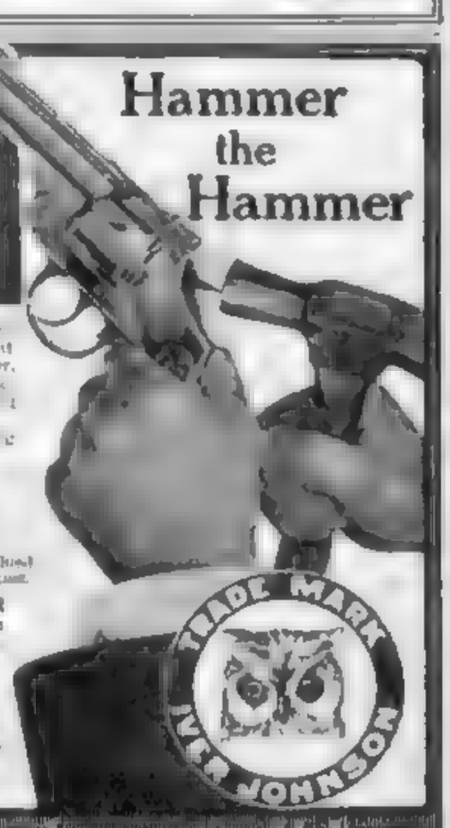
All tables are fully guaranteed. Examine them at your dealer's. If he doesn't handle them, send for illustrated booklet telling how we supply you direct.

CARROM-ARCHARENA CO., Ludington, Mich.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Hammer the Hammer



Near safe is not enough. The only firearm safety worth having is *absolute* safety. The only revolver affording that kind of safety is the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

Millions are in use—yet not a single report of accidental discharge—drop it, kick it, [illegible] pull the trigger to fire it.

Costs no more than near [illegible] and positive, with *absolute* safety.

Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free

together with our handsome and complete catalogue

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER

[illegible] cal. thin fin or .32 cal. $6 Extra length bbl or bbl. [illegible] cal. C.F., 3½ in bbl. finish at slight extra cost.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER

Richly nickeled, 32 cal. center fire, 3 in. bbl. or 38 cal. center fire, 4½ in. bbl. $7 Extra length bbl. [illegible]

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 147 Row St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York [illegible] Chambers St. [illegible] Pacific Coast Branch, [illegible] Market St., San Francisco

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

Accidental Discharge Impossible

Moving Picture Machines

Stereopticons

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

[illegible] surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre [illegible] ings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue [illegible] ical offer Sent Free.

Chicago Projecting Co. 128 Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago.

LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, take advantage of today's opportunities for the merchant, farmer, fruit grower and business man along the Pacific Coast Extension of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

[illegible] P. A., Chicago.

Automobile Accessories of every description. Lamps, [illegible] tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Coils, batteries

CENTAUR MOTOR CO., 83 Franklin Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

KWITURFIGURWURY

RAPID CALCULATOR [illegible]

MALONE'S SCHOOL OF FIGURES 31 100 St. Louis Mo.

MY LADY'S RUGS

(Continued from Page 7)

such a grip and on such material as admits of no tearing loose. At once the grumbling whine of the grizzly changes to a roar, a bellow, of rage and pain. He sweeps down the walls of the log inclosure, breaks down trees, tears up rocks, plows the ground. Anything but these heavy jaws of steel would be splintered under such impact backed by such mighty strength. But the trap holds. Slowly, panting, sobbing, his tongue out, his eye red, his heart shivering under his great hide with the awful pain, the grizzly begins the walk of death.

Sometimes a bear will carry the heavy trap in his arms, adding to it the heavy clog, which the trapper has fastened to the chain in just such way that it shall most impede the movements of his quarry. Whether it walks on two feet or four or three, the grizzly will go through the thickest tangles and the roughest country, the remotest fastness he can remember, seeking to escape the agony of this thing. In the highest and rudest mountain country and the densest tangle he labors, each hour suffering more—for my lady.

The trapper's life is hard. He may be tired. It may be days before he comes around to visit this particular trap. He knows the trap will hold, clamped as it is on the leg sinews with the strength of many horse-power. The one dread which the woods or mountains have for a real hunter is the fear of being caught in a bear trap. Usually that means death. The discreet trapper always carries a wrench to set loose the nuts, a thumbscrew to compress the jaws. Some men have tried to break the trap strings with rifle shots, caring nothing for the loss of the foot beneath them; some have died in the hills and never been heard of. It is this implement which cheapens my lady's rug. Albert's patent-leather toe touched but did not create this bare bar on the foot.

When Bruin Begs to be Killed

As hours pass the rage of the grizzly changes to fright. He becomes heated, makes shorter and shorter journeys. On the second day he does not go far, but hunts water to still his fever, mud in which to bury himself. His jaws are bared now in the grin of pain, and his ears lie down not in anger but in agony. He rolls from side to side and groans and whines and implores. So, when at last the trapper finds him, perhaps miles from where he was caught, he may still be roaring and fighting, or more likely may be lying down like a broken-hearted dog, asking only to be killed. This the trapper does at his leisure. It is the demand of the market—the market made largely by my lady—and the instrument employed for supplying that demand, which has marked a splendid species for extinction.

My lady is, perhaps, fond of the deep, glossy coat of the black bear, a very handsome boudoir rug. Armed with steel traps as well as rifle and deadfalls, all the way from Maine to Alaska men are out trying to get these rugs also. Whether taken in New Brunswick or in Oregon, on the Peace River or the Escanaba, in Wisconsin or Michigan or Alberta, most of the hides of black bear are taken with the trap, and this trap is customarily the modern steel trap, the worst instrument of torture yet devised by man. Sometimes magazines print pictures showing trapped bears—a thing beyond good publishing, as it seems to me and something wholly beyond the tolerance of sportsmen. These pictures may be excused only as they show the price paid for hides. For two hundred and fifty years the Hudson's Bay Company, the greatest monopoly the world ever saw, has been selling these glossy hides at prices varying in coin and cruelty. Once came Napoleon, wanting bearskin shakos for his troops, and England also asked these uncouth headpieces to make her fighting men look more formidable. Coachmen once wore bearskin capes. These fancies have largely passed away, but there remains always the steady demand of my lady, who likes rugs. Know the price? Not in the least. If she did she would see the floor of the rooms inches deep in blood, hear the walls crying out at her. Nellie is ignorant. She does not even know that we are living in the most ignorant and savage age the world ever saw. Men will give her anything she wants, and money will buy it.

The leopard robe thrown over my lady's divan is a beautiful thing. It came from a creature splendidly savage, magnificently fierce, a gamer and more vicious animal even than Stripes himself. How was this hide taken? Perhaps a bullet did it; more likely poison. Perhaps a big pitfall, with the pointed stakes; or the impact of a heavy poisoned spear hung above a path in the forest. But what brought out this hide was the fact that it had a price in the markets of the world. That price kept out the hunters day after day.

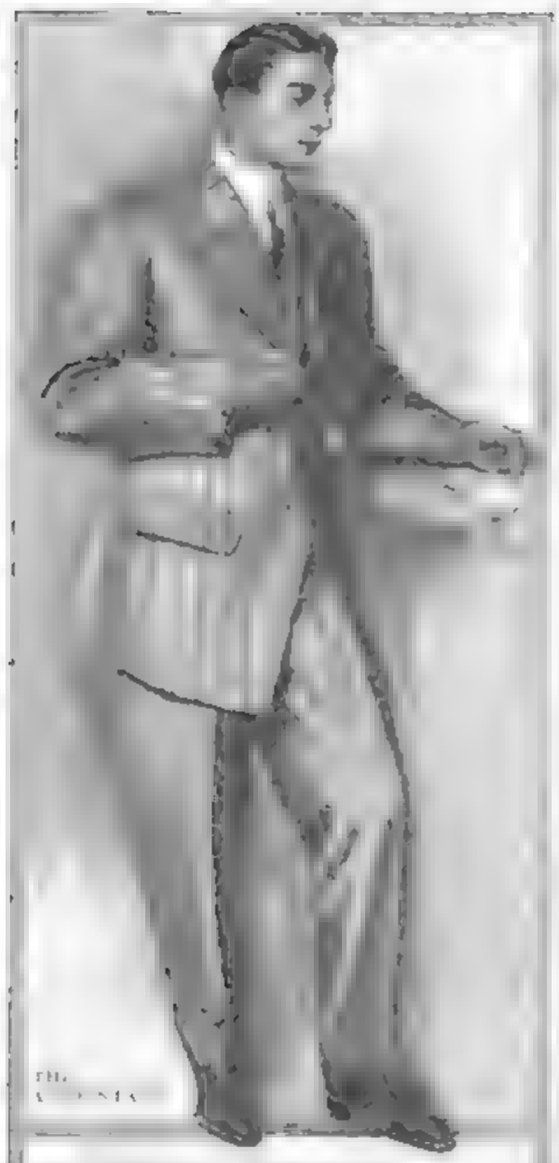
It was the merchandising in American game birds which practically exterminated them; but my lady is not content with wiping out the species native to her own land. She searches all the wilderness lands in every corner of the world. There is astonishingly little really wild country left anywhere on the globe to-day, and, even in those last fastnesses, the men are out gathering my lady's rugs for her, from Uganda to Ungava. Whether in Asia or in Africa, there was no escape for this leopard, mottled tree-croucher, whose hide beautifully reflects the shades and lights of the tropics in its rich tints. That species, too, is lessening, and in time will pass away. With it, too, will go the giant jaguar, even larger and as beautiful, once native of Texas, and within the memory of man seen even in New Mexico. Now the jaguar grows rare in Mexico and Central America. The hunters comb South America as well for its spotted hide. Dogs, perhaps, chased this big cat up some thorn tree in the chaparral, and the rifle at close range did for him. The swarthy killer may get a dollar for the "tiger" hide, just as the trapper may get but a few dollars for that of a good grizzly. These other smaller spotted hides of the chetah, or hunting leopard of Asia, and the little ocelot of Texas, sometimes called leopard cat, and the deep-furred, spotted ounce, an admirable great cat—all these give their skins for my lady to use in one way or another, and with each there is a story of unearned agony.

There is some possible excuse for sport. There was some excuse for the Abyssinian king who killed to protect, or for the frontiersman who killed for his food. A sportsman kills, perhaps, a dozen bears in his life. A trapper may kill twenty in one year, a hundred in his life. His incentive is perpetual, so long as the supply shall last, and sport commercialized is his livelihood. Not even sport stands analysis too closely. I remember that once I killed a panting, wounded bear, so close that I had to push away his neck with the rifle-barrel. I would have given the cost of the hunt to have had it unhurt again, though we had followed it far and fairly earned the shot. I have been with men who have trapped many bears, but have never trapped one. The rifle is bad enough. Civilization asserts that trapping will stand analysis. Sport denies it.

The hide of the lion is infrequent in gentlewomen's abodes, not so much prized as others, perhaps, because the monocolor is not so attractive, and because the mane and the great head do not lend themselves so easily to use. But even the lion pays tribute. His hide may be had for a price. Moreover, the lion is passing. In South Africa, England has been obliged to enact laws protecting lions, and with a view to preserving the species from extinction. One would think that the king of beasts could never be much harassed. The fitting out of a train with a hundred servants and a dozen wagons runs quickly into money, but there have not lacked so-called sportsmen who have been willing to sell all or a part of their bag. You can buy Nellie a lion as easily as a ball-gown.

Woman Backs the Wild-Game Trapper

Sport alone never exterminated any form of wild life. It is the market which exterminates. Why? There is one of the intricacies, but it is within truth and justice to say that it is gentle woman who is back of the market. All this love of trophies of wild animals is an ancient and somewhat outworn instinct. It is that outworn splint on Nellie's soul which asks for rugs. Men kill these animals, but the strange part of it is that almost no sportsman ever kills a dangerous wild animal without wishing to spread the trophy before some woman.



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There is another soul-splint here, another old instinct—the wish to show some woman how mighty is the hunter.

It is perhaps this same instinct, faded, weak and atrophied, which really animates most men who purchase trophies. Usually they do that for some woman. Men do not dislike skins of wild beasts about them, but it is safe to say that the male demand would never build a steady wild-beast-rug market. Some of the most effete homes in all the world have in them the most typical trophies of wild beasts—owned by men who never saw them living, but who bought for the sake of women who never knew how they were secured.

For instance, this great gray or brown wolf, over seven feet in the raw, makes a fine rug for the hall or for my lady's chamber. Whence did it come and how? From the Panhandle of Texas, or the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska, the Mackenzie River, the Liard or the Peace—but mostly by the strychnine route. Once there were untold thousands of gray wolves on our Western plains. The demands of civilization wiped them out.

All these wild beasts were in one sense fair prey for man; but the truth is that both they and man as species might have continued to live together upon the earth. It is Nellie and her boudoir, the dictates of fashion, the demands of luxury, which unsettle the plans of Nature and exterminate species. Time out of mind war has been war, and sport has been sport, not far back of war and practiced first by warriors. Ancient as the hills is that leap of a man's fighting blood which ought always to have been, and remained, the sole price of his lady's rugs.

The life of the wilderness has been that of the wilderness, a wild species has been a wild species. These things would have remained sufficiently adjusted in perpetuity, one force against the other, pulling for harmony as do the spheres, balanced under the thrust and pull of gravitation, had it not been for my lady's love of luxury in this age of money. Fairly high-browed philosophy will say that the trouble is that ancient splint on Nellie's soul.

If she wants rugs, skins for her home, let her have them; but let her insist that her protector, her chief, shall go out and get them for her by valor and not by coin! Otherwise Nellie unsettles the balance of Nature. She wipes out species after species, and worst of all it is that, in time, she wipes out her own! When all the wildernesses are gone all valor will also have vanished.

The purchased skin, the bought venison and the bought gamebird have no excuse to-day. The purchased gamebird is illegal over almost all the Union to-day. Soon neither of them will have legal existence. A nation's self-indulgence brings incapacity at last. Put a price on these skins of wild beasts, and, presently, they will be unobtainable at any price.

No man sows in the wilderness. No one protects, or guards, or increases the harvest of the hills. That harvesting as it is now done never had any warrant under the undying stars.

My lady's rugs represent a hold-over, a surviving instinct. They might make for manhood, which is the same as saying for womanhood. These are the sole matters in which money does not purchase immunity or evasion or success or achievement. Presently the species of rug-buying men and women will have perished along with the rug-bearing animals. Then will come the Goths and Vandals, all the way from Vandalia, Illinois, to Gotham, New York.

But if Nellie knew—if my lady understood—and if she still felt stirring strongly the ancient instinct, she might scorn to see evasion practiced for her favor, just as she might weep over unnecessary suffering inflicted in her name. Still she might say, "My lord, gird on your spurs, get your long new club, and go out and get me a hide!" Perhaps, then, the right price would be paid in risk and fairness and hardihood. Methinks the lion or the tiger or the bear so might die with more satisfaction, hoping a better fate. Certainly that sort of hide-getting some of us will not relinquish while the eye can see, or the leg plod, or the heart leap, because it seems within the Scheme. But this rug of my lady, bought by pain alone, bought by anguish prolonged, unnatural and unavenged!

Did one say unavenged? It will not be unavenged. Money can do much. Yes, the age of money can wipe out a species, even a genus—say, the genus homo.

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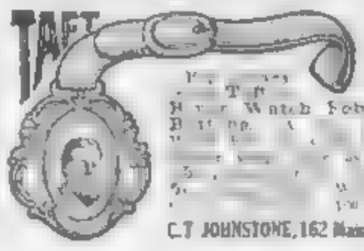

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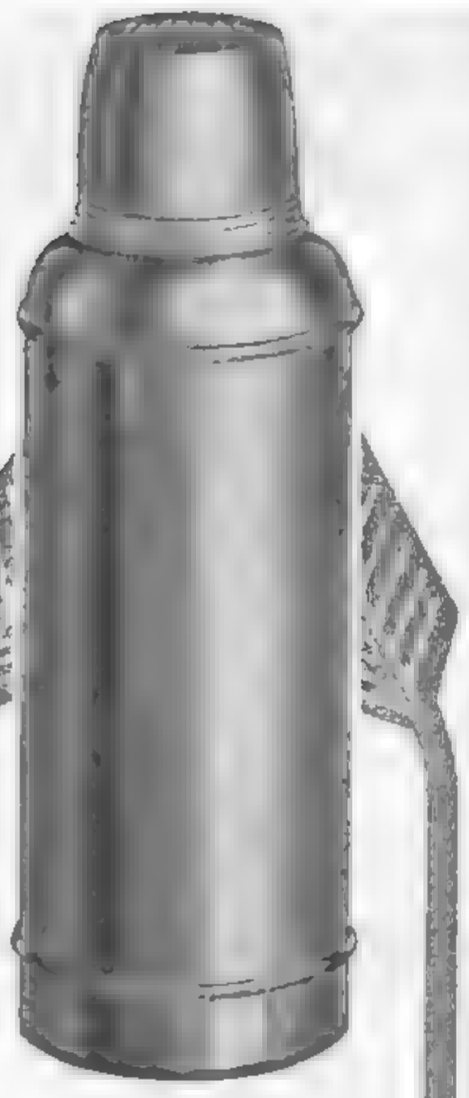

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THE NAGGING WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 15)

fire puts her in one of her tantrums. Let's have peace—at any rate until I get out of the house. You can have it out with her, if you want—but not for me; no, sir; not on your life—I want none of it."

"What's the trouble?"

"Smoke, dirt, and goodness only knows what else. I believe that it blows ashes around—*you* couldn't find them—but she can. I'd rather suffer from this threatening cold than hear her scolding for a week about the dust and dirt. You know that we have no servants now; the cook left last night. Just fix me up so that I can go down to the office. I want some dinner. You understand, don't you, Doctor?"

I d.d.

It is a question among biologists whether acquired habits are transmissible; but it is certain that environment, training and example can produce traits of ancestors that are exaggerated to the disease line in future generations. The nagging woman is the result of this evolutionary fact. She is often of a class that marries somewhat late in life; hence her habits are fixed, her ideas adamant, her nerve cells lacking in any potential elements for training along normal lines.

The nagging woman is one who suffers from a lack of moral tone balance, assisted by a too strong current of selfishness. She is constantly intoxicated, mentally staggering, through the effects of self-centred emotions. Any attempt to arouse her to consider the comforts of others, when these differ from her ideas of comfort, lets loose the tongue on which are lighted rockets of vituperation and Roman candles of green, venomous accusations.

This inability to mould one's self to changing conditions is the chief trait of these sub-hysteric women. It is frequently the cause of those apparently strange disruptions of households where for years harmony seemed regnant. Here is an example.

Brown, when a young man, was employed as a clerk in a large manufacturing concern. He married upon a small salary. His wife was a few years his junior. She came from the country. They started housekeeping on a small scale, and love remained inside the windows.

Brown's position gave him regular hours. He had breakfast at seven, dinner at noon, and was always home to supper on the minute. As regular as clockwork, as systematic as the meals up at the old farm, went on the household duties of the little wife.

Brown worked himself up, became a useful man to the concern, and finally reached a responsible position.

This change in his work necessitated a change in the household arrangements. He could not rush a dinner at noon. He tried it, his stomach and brain rebelled, and finally, through his physician's orders and the exigencies of his position, he informed his wife that he would only take a light lunch and have dinner at night.

Then came the first recrudescence of the woman's ancestral traits: "Why! I can't do that. You *must* come home to dinner at noon. The idea of having dishes washed at night! I just won't have it."

"But I'll get you another girl; three ought to be enough."

"I won't have another girl; it means more work cleaning up after them. You don't know how much muss they make me. You don't care anything about how much muss you make, so that you can have your way—I am tired of it—tired of it, I tell you; I just won't have dinner at night."

This was the first real sign of difficulty in the former harmonious household. The wife belonged to that class of women that cannot move in any new channels. She now became a nagger.

Brown's career and success depended upon his being downtown throughout the day. His evening meal was generally a cold supper—his receptions were colder. Silently and sorrowfully he plugged away until he was given a junior partnership.

It was now necessary for him to move into a larger house and into a more prosperous neighborhood. It was Brown who had to do the entertaining for the firm, and his salary and profits were ample for this purpose—they were increased for this specific purpose.

He set up an establishment with plenty of servants so that his wife had nothing to do but assist in entertaining and enjoy herself. In reality, her only form of pleasure was in finding fault with the servants and nagging her husband. Brown soon found it less embarrassing to entertain at the club, and then came the gradual drifting from house and wife. She could not understand that a wife had any other duties but to boss the house and all in it.

After he did what the horse does—bolts. Mrs. Brown spent her time conjuring up all sorts of accusations. These became public through the press, and, of course, Brown was much condemned. Several times he did his best to show her where the fault lay; pleaded with her to change her ideas, to go along with him in his progress and not try to ruin him. It was all useless. She had developed into a complete nagger.

There was but one thing for Brown to do: stick to his work, continue on the road to success, or succumb to his wife's immovable temperament and return to the bookkeeper's desk.

It was a case of being bossed by a nagger and going to the dogs—as many a weak man has—or going his own way alone.

He bravely weathered the scandal. Those who knew the inside facts, and what ruin a nagging woman can accomplish, congratulated Brown.

To continue to live under constant tongue-lashing, false accusations and midnight nagging is impossible.

The nagging woman is incurable. Like the little drops of water which ultimately wear a hole in the stone, so will the constant dropping of faultfinding and tongue-lashing wear out the most equitable temperament of man. It is either a case of weak acceptance and the dog-kennel, or virile determination and a get-away.

THE ENCHANTMENT

(Continued from Page 14)

Waller and those clothes had vanished to, or that he did not know how to get any others—what if he had to fight, not giants (that were easy), but this cursed intangibility? That entrancing vision of Kitty waiting for him, her white chin propped on her delicate hand, her lovely eyes full of tears, entreating him to leap over all his chains of poverty and circumstance, warmed him with the glow of last resolve.

"You darling! I'll come sure enough," he said to himself. "You're mine, mine, mine! I won't let you go to the end of the world without letting you know that first, and when you come back——" His riotous fancy lost itself in the vision.

The boat jarred into the slip; the unknown man looked at Vernon for the first time, as one who recognizes a companion in a far country—then he disappeared in the crowd. Vernon went to the warehouse. Every one had left. Neither Waller nor the dress suit was to be seen, though he hunted diligently once more for the latter. He made as careful a toilet as he could, and then, after waiting an hour for Waller's reappearance, went to the Morpeths'. He had a sudden hope that Morpeth's dress suit might fit him.

III

THE Morpeths were a married couple who lived in a very narrow brownstone house in a row that bulged with narrow, repellent bay-windows, which looked as if they had been squeezed out by the extreme need of space. With the exception of one other person, the Morpeths were Vernon's only intimate friends in town; the Mrs. Irving of whom Kitty had spoken was away. Helen Morpeth had spent several winters before her marriage in California, near Vernon's family, and her husband had been a member of the press in San Francisco before getting editorially afloat here. The Morpeths were given up to a domesticity little short of appalling to the unwedded; their every interest seemed to be bound up in the diet and health and attainments of their two infants, and the minor details of the household. The informal guest was always

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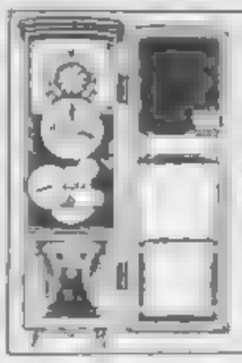

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escorted to the cozy upstairs sitting-room after dinner, where, kind as his hosts were, he felt merely as an accessory to an existence perfect without him. Helen Morpeth sewed with intermittent absent-mindedness on little undergarments, while her husband, in a dilapidated house-jacket, pipe in mouth, talked disconnectedly as he came in and out busy with the absorbing occupation of tinkering with doorknobs and putting "washers" in leaking faucets. Vernon, on those rare occasions when he had spent the night there, had been obliged to stay up until all hours in his own room reading, to get back his wonted tone.

But they were certainly kind. Helen came down welcomingly to see him now, in the absence of her husband, and turned the light up in a desolate, stiffly-furnished drawing-room, as long and narrow as a trolley car. Vernon experienced a wild desire to leave the house the moment he was seated in it. But Helen's tone as he explained his situation to her expressed a motherliness such as she might have used to her own little Ted.

"Why, certainly, Harry, you can have anything of Clarence's that you want. It's such a pity he was called away to-day to meet the Secretary of State—and just the night that he had set for putting up a shelf in the butler's pantry! But go upstairs to his room and try on everything he has. He's grown so much broader lately, as you say—and he's nearly as tall as you are; by letting things down a little —— Be careful not to wake the babes."

Alas! not even by the most careful engineering could Clarence Morpeth's dress suit be made to fit Vernon. The trousers might possibly have been managed, but not the coat. Putting it on was nothing to getting out of it again. He was trembling and weak in the knees when he was once free, and tiptoed down the hallway past the rooms of the sleeping children to his hostess, waiting for him below.

"It's no use," he stated. "Mrs. Morpeth, if I can't get to the ball I'll have to see her some other way. I'd go as I am, but they wouldn't let me on the floor."

"And you don't even know at what hotel she's stopping! If you knew that—but of course you might run all over town trying to find out. I'm so stupid!" Mrs. Morpeth knitted her brows. "By the way, why don't you go and see Candace Irving? She was saying this morning that you hadn't been to see her for months. She has so many ideas!"

"I thought she was still away."

"No, she got back yesterday."

"*Well!*" said Vernon with delighted emphasis. He seized Mrs. Morpeth's hand. "Thank you a thousand times! You won't mind my running off immediately?"

Candace! As he tore along the street on his way to her apartment he felt as one who at last sees a star of hope. It had begun to snow very hard and fast, and the wind drove stingingly in his face. The wild night whipped his memory into lines mechanically repeated:

"'Saint Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!'"

"*Ah, bitter chill it was—Ah, bitter chill* ——" The words seemed to bring a vague, blurred idea with them—an enchanted, impossible plan. Candace might give it shape. The very strength of his desire to see Kitty Valentine made it impossible for him coherently to plan any way to do it. It is not the man of action who is clever in the strategies of love—it takes the dreamer, the man of more feminine temperament, to plan competently. Vernon could only feel now that, if he could get a woman to help him, and that woman Candace Irving ——

And she was out, after all, but the maid said she would be in at nine. It was another of the awful obstructions Fate had put in his way to-day. If she should not be at home when he went there again—— There were a couple of hours to be got through first. He plunged into them as into the fires of the lower regions. When he at last emerged from that under-world of blasting delay he was breathless, his head reeling. As he sat with tense expectancy in the parlor at last, after taking off his snow-wet overcoat, waiting for Candace to come in, the apartment seemed the very haven of his longing dreams, with its pretty, homelike appointments, the low, *used* chairs, the table with its leather cover and brass writing materials, the charming water-colors, Candace's work, upon the walls, the crimson workbag with a bit of embroidery hanging from it, and the low bookcase. The thought of his barrack quarters back of the office, shared with Waller, made him sick with revolt, and then fired him anew; just such a little home as this would be have with Kitty when she came back in a year!

If the room was a contrast to his abode, it was no stronger than the contrast now between Vernon and his hostess. Candace was a dark, slender woman, not very young, with a tender handclasp and a subtly caressing voice—she was proficient in the endearing art of welcoming a long-absent friend without any underhand ironies at his remissness. She had, indeed, a sympathetic quality so strong that it drew the mind of man instantly toward it; it seemed at times as if every one who came near her did so in the fond hope of being propped up, metaphorically or actually, with sofa pillows. She put one behind Vernon's head now with her left hand as she laid the other in his, regarding with a surprised solicitude his burning eyes as she said:

"My dear boy, do lie back there comfortably. Are you ill? Why, what *have* you been doing? Your shirt and your necktie—you look as if you had been in the wars! What's the matter?"

"Everything," said Vernon. He raised his haggard eyes to hers with a tragic effort at a smile that turned into wild fierceness. "Candace, I've no business to live, because I'm poor; I'm poor and I'm desperate, and I'm—in love, and getting deeper in love every minute." His voice sank. "It's torment! And she goes away to-morrow—for a year, and I can't get a chance to see her to-night and tell her how I love her. And I'll never get the chance again! She's so lovely that any man would ——" He stopped and stared before him.

"Is it Kitty Valentine?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"And she doesn't know?"

"No. She thinks I don't want to go there to-night. I suppose she doesn't even care for me. And yet, I've felt to-day that, if I only had the chance to *see* her ——! She's to be at the Club ball, and Waller and I ——" he found himself pouring out the story to her sympathizing ear, adding afterward:

"Since I left the Morpeths' I've 'phoned or been to seventeen hotels; her people are just the kind to go to some little, old-fashioned hostelry nobody knows about, or they may be stopping with a friend, after all. It's beyond *me!* I went back to the office—I'd tried to eat dinner, but I couldn't—and caught Waller, all dressed, going out. He'd had the suit at the tailor's getting pressed; if I'd *only* had the wits to think of that I could have got it. I can't seem to think of anything until it's too late! You ought to have heard him laugh, the great, husky brute! Well, he didn't look so pretty when I'd got through with him."

"And didn't you get the suit?" asked Candace.

Vernon shook his head. "Couldn't. Not unless I'd stuck a knife into him somewhere and straightened him out. Oh, I wanted to fast enough," he gazed at her seriously—"but, you see, it would have spoiled the suit for me."

"Mercy!" said Candace, staring. She began to laugh commiseratingly, and then checked herself. "Poor boy, you've been through a lot."

"There are two entrances to the hall—one on the Avenue, and the other around the corner," Vernon went on with apparent irrelevance.

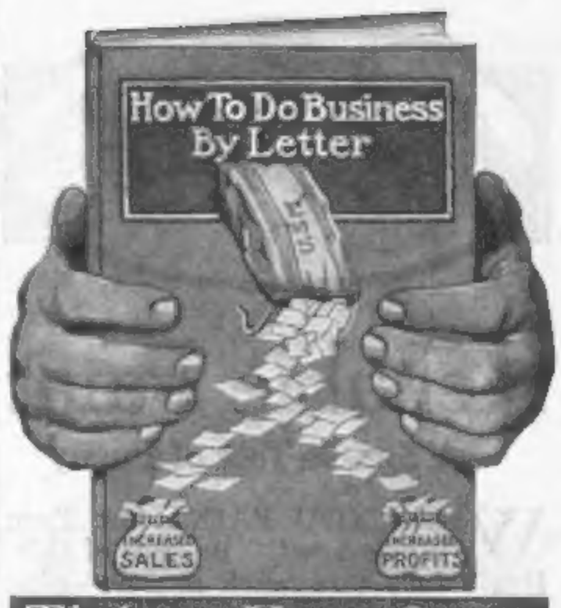
"So that you couldn't know at which one to wait for her?" she translated.

"Yes. I tell you now, Candace, I can't get in at the ball, that's settled for me. But I've got to see Kitty alone. If I could get her out ——" He rose and paced the floor. "I can't think how or where, but if I could see her alone, for a little, little while; if there was any place ——"

"Write her a note and ask her to give the supper dance to you—if she has an engagement, to break it. Ask her to come to the side door of the hall at midnight," said Candace rapidly. "We'll get a messenger boy to take the note and leave it with the maid in the dressing-room for her—if Kitty's going away to-morrow, telegrams and messages are in order. You can carry my fur cloak and fur-lined shoes for her to slip over her things."

"And take her to a restaurant? Would that quite do?"

"No, *no!* Bring her to me. But don't tell her that—only ask her to save the supper dance for you and to come to the



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door. The supper will be *here!* You can get her back again before any one knows she's gone—it's only a step around the corner. We'll decorate it here for her!"

His eyes glinted. "Candace, you're a jewel. *What* a plan! Oh, it's my dream—and beyond it. But——" he sat down and took one of Candace's slim hands in one of his, smoothing it with the other. "Candace, you have nerve! But—but—will she *come?*—at such a summons—on such a night? Will she come?"

"Only if she loves you," said Candace gently. Then her tone changed. "Harry Vernon, let go of my hand. I will *not* have you kissing it, pretending to yourself all the while that it's Kitty's! Oh, I know *you!*"

"It makes me feel so much better," argued Vernon pleadingly. But the next minute he had risen and flung his arms out wide. "If she doesn't come—— Give me the pen and ink, Candace."

As he wrote the storm shook the windows and the sharp snow rattled on the panes. So wild was the night, so long the hours before Kitty could come—if, indeed, she came at all—— After the note was sent, Candace came once more to his rescue.

"We'll go out and get things to make the room look lovely for your girl."

He laughed, with a reddening face. "Like a sort of St. Agnes' Eve? Ah, Candace, you're a wonder—you know too much! *That's* what I dreamed!"

In after years, as Vernon looked back upon that night, he could never tell what really happened and what was but the creation of his wandering brain. It was true that he and Candace faced the storm hunting such places as were still open, where they could get "cates and dainties"—and that they laughed and jested uproariously together. It was not true that strange and tragic phantoms leered up at him at every step, whispering that the next footfall would take him crashing down a sickening precipice. It was not true that Kitty was out in the storm defenseless, her whiteness invisible in the shrouding whiteness of the snow, as she fled from those phantoms, or that she shrieked hauntingly for aid in that wild shrieking of the wind that tore her away from his grasp.

It was true that he and Candace stood outside of the lighted hall, and heard the whirl of the dance music within. It was true that Candace and he, after they came back to the apartment, turned the little room into a fairy palace with artful disposition of pink-fringed chrysanthemums and trailing vines, with softly-lighted candles on the mantel and on the low shelf around the room and on the table, gleaming with twisted iridescent glass, and golden round-globed oranges, and darkly crimson apples, and great purple clusters and pale green clusters of grapes, like smooth, glistening jewels, as wonderful as the enchanted fruit of dreams. The pink and green cakes, the dates, the raisins and the figs—they were real! But that ashy thing that walked beside Vernon—it was not true that it laid its pale fingers on everything he touched—that was not real. It was not true that it kept repeating to him louder than that wind that beat against the windows, and with a more deathly chill—"She will not get your letter. It was a thousand chances to one that she would. She never even went to the ball. No written word that you can ever send after her when she is gone will speak to her heart as your hand on hers would have spoken to it to-night. She will not get your letter—she never even went to the ball! Count yourself dead, dead to love—dead, dead! She is for some other, not for you. You will fade from her life as if you had never been."

That could not have been true, though it was so real. But it was true that Candace let him go out again because she could no longer keep him. He was leaving the room with her long fur wrap and the furred overshoes tucked under his arm in a bundle when Candace called him back to put on his own hat and coat, she herself buttoning up the latter, as he waited unwillingly like one straining at the leash, his dark eyes alight, under his rumpled hair, and an uneasy, daredevil defiance in his smile. It was true that he waited under the side porch of the hall while the snow whirled past him—waited—waited. If the minutes were leaden before the clock struck twelve, each minute after that brought a horrible stab with it that sent the life dully ebbing. Oh, *that* torture was too real! Through all after-joy the stark, raw hurt of this endless waiting remained even when out of mind, coming back with the same unbearable pain at strange times and places. That was *too* true! And then, when he had given up all hope, yet must stand there and hope still—she came!

IV

THE time was already waning fast—and nearly over! They sat within the softly-lighted room with its rows of candles shining out from the pink chrysanthemums and on the piled-up gleaming fruits on the enchanted table; his arms were around the whiteness and the warmth of her, and her head was on his shoulder, while on the other side of the drawn portières Candace played on her violin that she might not hear the words they said.

Kitty's voice thrilled:

"I can't believe that I'm really here with *you!*"

"But you are." *(Blest dreamer, lovely bride!)*

"Yes. I felt to-day—I kept feeling so strange, so lost in space, I didn't know why. And then—then I saw you—I was suddenly *so glad!* You seemed so perfectly splendid and wonderful to me! I would do anything you told me to, for you would never let me do anything I ought not."

"Never, never!"

"And you planned this all yourself?"

"Yes." (O shades of the perjured!)

She looked at him with a surrender so innocent and childlike in its completeness that he averted his eyes from hers. "The likes of me!" he said to himself, with an odd shame. "The likes of *me!*"

"And if you care for me now," her tender voice went on; she put her hand against his cheek to turn his face toward her, "I want to say—I don't know how to say it—I can be a great deal nicer, Harry, than the way you've known me—just at *dances!* Every day I'm away from you I'll try and grow to be—nicer; more worth your loving."

——The magic of St. Agnes' Eve was over, the lovers had fled into the storm once more, only to be parted! with Candace left smiling, a little wistfully, as one well used to forgetting that others had needed her, when they remembered it no longer. The candles were out, the table stripped bare, only the fringed, shadowy chrysanthemums still breathed pungently of joy.

But the enchantment still held for Vernon. He walked past the warehouse with his eyes fixed on a fairy vision, and bumped full into somebody, who after the shock of collision turned out to be Barney the watchman.

"*Hell*-lo!" said the latter, with lenient comprehension of tone. "Sure, what under Hivin are ye doing down this way, Mr. Vernon? Turn yourself around, that's the good bye, do!"

"Oh, Barney!" sighed Vernon, obediently retracing his steps, his eyes swimming and his gait uncertain, though he was only drunk with the intoxicant of love. He got up those dark stairs and stumbled over a paint-pot and crashed into a case of extract-bottles as he groped his way to the back room—there was no light but the faint light of the waning moon. He felt a sudden impulse of affection for his friend, sleeping, as usual, all hunched up in the farther cot.

"Waller! Old chap!" He shook the massive form and then dodged the arm that shot out automatically from the shoulder. "Put your arm down, can't you. I've got something to tell you. See here, I'm sorry I lammed you to-night; you can keep that dress suit forever. But I've got something to tell you." His voice rose deliriously. "O Waller! I'm so happy! O Waller! old fellow, old fellow! O Waller!"

"Great Heavens!" said Waller. He sat up with a jerk. "If you don't stop this awful O Wallering—— Take your head out of the bedclothes. Get up out of here. You blame kid! If you don't let me go to sleep I'll kill you—and I'll kill you *now!*"

"Oh, never mind," said Vernon absently. He reached over to a chair and sat there with his cheek resting on the shoulder of his coat, still sweet with the fragrance of the violets where her head had lain.

The waning light showed only the outlines of the cots, and the stove, and the bathtub with the sponges above it, and lost itself in the thick darkness of the warehouse beyond; but Vernon sat bathed in a flood of luminous glory, that spread itself dazzlingly on before him, filled with exquisite hopes, dear unspoken joys—an ecstasy of happiness, so deep, so tender and so wonderful—on how little (O heavenly powers, on *how* little, how *very* little) a year!

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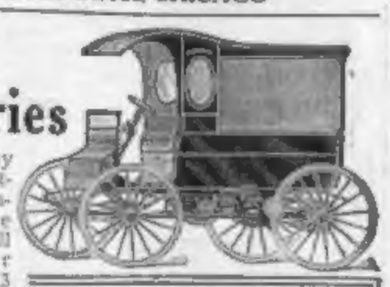

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STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Your Night's Rest Is Important

Choose a mattress as you would a house. Be certain that it is built for comfort and built to last.

Only the STEARNS & FOSTER allows you to prove its worth *before* you buy. Seeing is believing, and the laced opening at the end of every STEARNS & FOSTER lets you see exactly of what it is made before you have paid a penny and we *guarantee* that the mattress is the same throughout.

Pure, fresh, new cotton, crossed and recrossed by our wonderful "web process" into clean, buoyant, elastic sheets, forty to a layer and nine layers to every mattress.

It is the only process making a perfect mattress—firm yet springy, yielding to the body yet upholding it in absolute relaxation. Dust, moisture and germ proof—needs no renovating and will last a lifetime.

60 Nights' Free Trial

Just to show our absolute confidence in the Stearns & Foster, we make every mattress returnable at the end of sixty days after purchase. Put it to any test you can think of during those two months and if you don't find it *better* than you even hoped for, tell us so, and we will take it back and return your money promptly, cheerfully and without question.

Have It Sent C. O. D.

A postal request is enough, don't send a cent of money. We will have our agent in your locality promptly deliver the mattress at your door. Don't pay anything until you have examined it carefully. Decline it then and there if it isn't up to your expectations.

Just a postal telling the style you desire—we'll take the trouble and the risk. Don't wait—*do it now!*

Handsome 38-page Catalogue and Bed Room Furnishing Book Free.

STEARNS & FOSTER CO., Dept. P, Cincinnati, O.

FOUR GRADES OF SUPERIORITY

Anchor Grade—Soft and springy, better than most $15 mattresses. Price . **$10.50**

Windsor Grade—We guarantee it better than any other advertised make at any price. Price . . . **$13.50**

Lenox Grade—A little better, a little more comfortable, a little more durable than either of the others, at **$16.00**

Style "A"—A mattress de luxe in finest art ticklings and most elaborate fancy finish. Superior to any mattress, of any material, at any price. Price **$22.50**

Mattresses made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

Crawford Shoes

for Men

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

No. 2525

WRITE FOR BOOKLET H — IT TELLS THE CRAWFORD STORY

CRAWFORD Shoes will be delivered direct from the factory if there is no Crawford agency in your immediate vicinity. Our Crawford measurement system insures a perfect fit. Write for booklet H.

The old fashioned

method of hand lasting Crawford Shoes has been supplemented by a new and unique mechanical device. This almost human machine pulls the shoe top over a Crawford patented "Tredstrate" last, with a never deviating and untiring force, securely fastening all sides *at one touch of a lever.*

This overcomes the heretofore uneven strain on the leather and assures mechanically perfect fitting. Simply another reason why Crawfords keep their shape and wear so well.

Ask your local Crawford Shoe dealer about Crawford reinforced shanks, "stay-up" box toes, "bend" sole leather and other Crawford features—all points of merit. Crawford Shoes have an unusual number of good points. Take my advice and buy a pair!

CRAWFORD SHOES ARE UNION MADE

Charles A. Eaton, President

CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY, *Makers*
Brockton, Massachusetts

A NEW DRESS for YOUR HOUSE

A fashionable dress—fitted to its architectural form. It will cost you no more to paint it tastefully and appropriately than to take chances.

A booklet on House Fashions, showing correct color combinations, suitable for all styles of architecture, selected by a committee of prominent painters, paint manufacturers, and architects, FREE FOR THE ASKING.

The colors shown are supplied by all the leading manufacturers, and can be obtained through any painter or dealer.

THEY COME IN SEALED CANS ONLY.

The sealed can and the responsible maker's name are your guarantee of quality in paint.

Send for "The Fashion in House Painting" to

BUREAU OF PROMOTION AND DEVELOPMENT
THE PAINT MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE U.S.
623-625 THE BOURSE PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A HIGH GRADE VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED

JAP-A-LAC

is made for the purpose of ECONOMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD. It is a varnish and stain combined; is put up in eighteen different colors and can be used for refinishing everything about the house from cellar to garret.

Any housewife can use it with good results. It produces a hard, lustrous finish, which dries quickly. You can refinish floors, interior woodwork, scuffed and scratched furniture instead of supplying some one else to do it, or buying new, thus saving money.

It's a pleasure to use JAP-A-LAC, and the satisfaction of knowing you have accomplished such splendid results at so low a cost will seem like a growing bank account to you.

USEFUL HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

A COAT of Natural Jap-a-lac applied over old or new linoleum or oil cloth will double its life, by preserving the original coat of varnish which would otherwise soon be washed or worn off.

WEATHER BEATEN front doors are revived and beautified when coated with Jap-a-lac, and "newness follows the brush." It is best to use the color nearest that of the old finish.

WINDOW and DOOR screens should be coated with Jap-a-lac each fall before storing. It prevents rust; use the Brilliant Black or the wire, and the Mahogany, Oak, Cherry or Walnut on the frames. It gives them new life and they will be ready for immediate use next season.

PORCH FURNITURE should be protected and beautified each fall with Jap-a-lac. It is best to use the color of the old finish; but if you wish to change the color, use Red or Green Jap-a-lac.

WICKER FURNITURE coated with Mahogany, Ox-Blood Red, Malachite Green or Gloss White Jap-a-lac, looks better than new.

WATER PIPES, furnace fronts, radiators, hot water tanks and iron fences are preserved and beautified with the use of Jap-a-lac. Use the Gold, Aluminum, Dead Black or Brilliant Black.

PICTURE FRAMES, candelabra, gas fixtures, lamps, etc., given a coat of Gold, Aluminum or Dead Black Jap-a-lac, are renewed almost beyond belief;—the Dead Black produces that beautiful wrought-iron effect.

OLD AUTOMOBILES, carriages, wagons, agricultural implements, etc., Jap-a-lac-ed with either Brilliant Black, Red, Green or Empire Blue, look 100% better, and are given new life. The cost is nominal, and the work can be done by an inexperienced person.

JAP-A-LAC is a household necessity, and can be used in a hundred and one ways, from "cellar to garret," and is especially adapted for finishing old or new floors and woodwork. Ask your dealer.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to $2.50.

A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE.

If your dealer offers you a substitute, say to him: "No, thank you; I want what I asked for. Good bye." Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ask for. That's JAP-A-LAC.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 25c (except for Gold which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample, Quarter pint can to any point in the United States.

The name "GLIDDEN" on a can of varnish is a guarantee of highest quality. If you use varnishes for any purpose insist on Glidden's Green Label line and you will secure the best results.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

889 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

POWER

to do a man's work or a woman's work, indoors or out of doors, in the office, in the shop or in the home, comes from eating a food that contains the most brain-making, muscle-building material in a digestible form.

You cannot get strength from a food that is not digested—even though it may be rich in the elements of a perfect food. Every particle of nutriment in

Shredded Whole Wheat

is taken up by the stomach and converted into sound muscle and good brain.

Here's a good, nourishing breakfast for six or seven cents: Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in oven), with hot milk and a little cream, a cup of coffee with cream and sugar. On this breakfast you can do a half day's work.

TRISCUIT, the Shredded Wheat wafer, is the favorite "ration" of the soldier, the sailor, the camper, the fisherman, for all sorts of journeys and expeditions, for any one who needs a sustaining food in compact form. The good ship "Roosevelt," which left the port of New York on Monday, July 6th, and in which Commander R. E. Peary hopes to reach the North Pole, was provisioned with four hundred and fifty boxes of TRISCUIT.

For lunch try toasted Triscuit (the shredded wheat wafer) with butter and a hot cup of bouillon, cup of chocolate or malted milk. More nutritious and more wholesome than white flour crackers or pastries.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"It's All in the Shreds"